Loups-Garoux, by Marc Platt

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[Part One]

CROWD: Bring him out! Bring him out! Bring him out!
(Gavel bangs.)
MAGISTRATE: Order. There must be order. (gavel) Order! Or I'll clear the square.
(Snarling. A bell tolls)
MAGISTRATE: Stubbe Pieter, on this twenty eighth day of October in the year of Our Lord God 1589, I do condemn you to public execution for sorcery and the lewd villainies and diverse murders which you have committed in shape of a great wolf. Let first your body be broken upon a wheel and your flesh be torn from your bones. Afterward your head shall be struck from your body and your carcase burned to ashes.
PIETER: Will you dance for me, Magistrate?
MAGISTRATE: Hold him!
PIETER: Shall I set the whole of Cologne dancing to my tune?
MAGISTRATE: Hold him down!
(Snarls.)
MAGISTRATE: There's your answer. Take him away! Let God's justice be done.
PRIEST: May Christ have mercy upon you
PIETER: Save your prayers, Lutherans. You have lost your faith. You're nothing but cattle bound to my will.
MAGISTRATE: Take him from this place, and may God have mercy on his soul.
PIETER: (laughs) Never absolve me. I can never rest. Never. I stalk the Earth for eternity!
(howls)

ROSA [OC]: (American) Grandpa? This is me, Rosa. I'm getting out now. Got to get this diarised. It's crazy, 'cos there's no one to listen, but I gotta do it anyhow, 'cos if I don't, none of them will know if I've done what I'm gonna do. Grandpa? I should have laid you in a canoe and pushed you out on the current, but you know I can't do that 'cos there's been no river for too many moons. So you gotta wait. I buried you in the old creek bed. Hope it ain't too dusty. Maybe the river'll come back some day, then it'll wash you down where the ghosts of the forest birds are waiting for you. I put flowers where I dug you down, and rocks on top so that 'dillos can't dig you up. The guys from the Mission came by in the air jeep again but I hid in the water tower. Think they wanna send me to the city now you're gone, but somebody's got to stay. Got to prove who I am. (laughs) 'Spose if I do that, they'll say I'm a man, head of the tribe. Yeah, I gotta
(Distant wolf howl.)
ROSA [OC]: (scared and quiet) Gotta go, Grandpa. I heard them out beyond the ranch house, way off. But I can't stay longer. Like you said, can't stay here. Soon be a fat moon again and there'll be nowhere to hide from the future. When the Loups-Garoux come prowling, we have to hunt them before they hunt us.

(A tannoy announcement at a Brazilian station changes from Portuguese to English as the Tardis materialises.)
TANNOY: Bom dia. Isto Estacao Dom Pedro. O centro da cidade velha. Va em frente. Welcome to Rio. All new arrivals please have passports and identity implants ready for inspection. Under Amazonian State law, it is an offence not to display your ID implant within the city. If you have no implant report to the Immigration Registry Office immediately. Welcome to Rio. All new arrivals please have passports and identity implants ready for inspection. Under Amazonian State law, it is an offence not to display your ident

(Carnival music. Rustle of cellophane wrappings.)
INEZ: Senhora. A delivery for you
ILEANA: More flowers. Thank you, Inez.

INEZ: From another admirer? Jorge, perhaps? Or Mister Choudhry.
ILEANA: Just the usual admirer. (opens card)
CARD: Thank you for reading this paper-free card. No trees were harmed in the making of this product. Your greeting reads
ANTON [OC]: To Senhora de Santos. Ileana, your eyes flash like night wings in the the old forest. How soon before our breath mingles in the twilight under the trees. I await your call.
ILEANA: Anton Lichtfuss. Cut flowers from a would-be cut-claw.
INEZ: He's very devoted, Senhora.
ILEANA: And that's all he will be, yapping round me like an excited chihuahua. Inez, you'd better put the flowers in water before he arrives and is insulted.
INEZ: Yes, Senhora.
(Door closes.)
INEZ: The bulletins say there's been another killing.
ILEANA: Another?
INEZ: On Ipanema beach this time. The Polícia blame the wild dogs.
ILEANA: That's the third in as many days. This city starts to smell of death. I knew it was a mistake to come here.
INEZ: But we always come for Carnaval, Senhora.
ILEANA: That was my late husband's idea. He loved the music and the crowds. They've always set my teeth on edge. I'd go now, but for Victor's sake.
INEZ: I thought your son looked better today.
ILEANA: That's just the daylight. It's the nights that take him the worst. Doctor Hayashi insists there's some change, but I'm not convinced. I can't see any change at all. And I don't think those straps will hold him much longer.
(Doorbell.)
ILEANA: Who's that at this time? Not the chihuahua already.
(Door opens.)
INEZ: There's no one outside, Senhora.
ILEANA: Go and look anyway. Well? Inez? Inez?
INEZ: There's this package. A box. It smells of
ILEANA: Be careful. Put it down.
INEZ: Urgh, dirty and wet. Mister Lichtfuss would never leave something like that.
ILEANA: I didn't think so.
INEZ: Oh, the smell! It's old. Something rotting.
ILEANA: Yes. Let me see the card.
CARD: Thank you for reading this paper-free card. No trees were harmed in the making of this product. Your greeting reads
PIETER [OC]: A gift to the merchant's daughter.
(Ileana gasps.)
PIETER [OC]: How many fat moons since I pulled you from the snow?
INEZ: Senhora? Who is it? What's in the box?
ILEANA: Don't touch it!
INEZ: It's leaking blood!
ILEANA: Call Hayashi and the others. I want them here, Inez.
INEZ: Senhora?
ILEANA: I'll attend to Victor. You get our things packed. We're getting out of Rio now!

(Tourist attraction noises.)
DOCTOR: Hold still. (takes photo) There you are.
TOURIST: Thank you. Thanks very much.
DOCTOR: My pleasure. Have a nice day.
TURLOUGH: Doctor, that's the fourth picture you've taken for someone else.
DOCTOR: People come a long way for this view, Turlough.
TURLOUGH: That's the reason why we came too, remember?
DOCTOR: Yes. They say the Corcovado statue is the best place to see Rio. Amazing, isn't it? And now the smokes of the 2020s have lifted. Did you get your Moqueca?
TURLOUGH: My fish and coconut stew? Not exactly.
DOCTOR: Hmm?
TURLOUGH: I think he saw me coming. He wanted *twice* the amount you gave me.
DOCTOR: Actually, I think you're supposed to haggle.

TURLOUGH: He kept going on about IdentCredit implants. All he'd sell me was this manky looking burger.
DOCTOR: Yes, well, tomato sauce can hide a multitude of sins.
TURLOUGH: That's what I'm banking on. What I *really* want to see is the Carnival.
DOCTOR: It'll be a good three days before it starts in earnest. Can you survive on the local cuisine till then?
TURLOUGH: (mouth full) I might have to spend some time on a hot, sunny Rio beach to compensate.
DOCTOR: Ah. I think at this date the beaches may be rather overrun by shanty towns. Displaced Indians, overflows from the favelas, that sort of thing.
TURLOUGH: Not really what I had in mind.
DOCTOR: No, somehow I thought not.
TURLOUGH: What about you, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Me?
TURLOUGH: Yeah. What do you really want?
DOCTOR: Well, I'm not sure I could really. A lot of things, I suppose.
TURLOUGH: Oh, come on. How long have you been travelling? There must be something you've always searched for.
DOCTOR: Perhaps. But I was once told that I'd know when I found it.
TURLOUGH: And have you?
DOCTOR: What do you think? Still, this view is quite spectacular. Last time I was here, the statue of Christ wasn't even built.
TURLOUGH: No?
DOCTOR: That would have been around 1700. And the bay down there was full of Clippers. The chief trade
TURLOUGH: The chief trade being in gold and sugar.
DOCTOR: And slaves. Like most triumphant enterprises, it had its rotten underbelly.
TURLOUGH: Oh, this burger is disgusting.
DOCTOR: I had a feeling it might be.
TURLOUGH: No man can eat this. It's all greasy and gritty. Here, you.
(Dog barks.)
TURLOUGH: Come on, mutt, come on. Do you want it? Because I don't.
DOCTOR: Turlough, I'm not sure if that's advisable.
TURLOUGH: (whistles) Come on, here you are. Go on. That's it.
(Dog eating.)
TURLOUGH: At least someone appreciates it. Skinny looking mongrel was eyeing me up as soon as I bought the burger.
DOCTOR: Still, I don't think we should encourage him. Where do you want to go now?
TURLOUGH: Anywhere, Doctor, as long as we can get away from it all.
DOCTOR: Get away *from* it, Turlough, or get away *with* it?
TURLOUGH: Probably a bit of both, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes, I think I'd go along with that. There's a parade down there in the city. Shall we take a look?
TURLOUGH: You can see that far? Yes, I'd like that. Doctor? Well, wait for me!
(Runs.)

(Beeping of monitor getting faster. Growling.)
ILEANA: Victor, calm down. Quietly now, shush. We won't hurt you.
HAYASHI: Senhora, you must hold him still.
ILEANA: I'm trying to. He's not used to strangers, Hayashi. Shh, Victor, it's all right. Don't struggle. Mother's here.
(Beeping slows down.)
ILEANA: There, there. That's better. There's nothing to be afraid of. Doctor Hayashi's here to help. No one's going to hurt you.
HAYASHI: Just one jab.
(Growls.)
ILEANA: What are you doing, you idiot. It's all right, it's all right, Victor. It's all right.
HAYASHI: That's better. Administering his medication is proving more dangerous than I anticipated.
ILEANA: Ah, he's sleeping again. Next time be more careful with my son. Come through to the

lounge. I have to discuss our departure.
HAYASHI: Senhora, this is ridiculous.
(Door closes.)
ILEANA: I mean it, Hayashi.
HAYASHI: Your son's condition is already critical. If you destabilise him further, I may never be able to effect a change in his nature.
ILEANA: We have to leave Rio.
HAYASHI: You cannot afford to take him out in public like that.
ILEANA: There's no limit to what I can afford. If necessary, your payment can be reviewed.
HAYASHI: No, no, you misunderstand. My equipment, my assistant, all these are difficult to move.
ILEANA: You brought them here, you can re-establish them elsewhere. It will be quiet, with no distractions.
HAYASHI: But why this sudden change? I must know. Where are you going?
(Door opens and closes.)
ANTON: Senhora.
ILEANA: Herr Lichtfuss.
ANTON: I came immediately. Are you safe?
ILEANA: Yes, yes, Anton. For the moment. Inez is packing. We leave the city at 1800 hours.
ANTON: So soon? Tell me what has happened. You've had a warning.
ILEANA: Yes, but I can't talk.
HAYASHI: Good afternoon.
ANTON: Who's this?
ILEANA: Herr Lichtfuss, this is Doctor Matsuo Hayashi.
ANTON: Ah, the physician that you've acquired to treat Victor.
HAYASHI: You said warning. Does this mean, Senhora, that you have received some sort of threat?
ANTON: How much do you understand, Doctor?
HAYASHI: I have the Senhora's confidence. How else could I attempt to cure her son?
ANTON: Cure? That's the last thing we want. Ileana, I thought you'd abandoned these fantasies.
ILEANA: They are not fantasies. But we must leave Rio now.
HAYASHI: Have no fear, Senhora. I will not abandon you or your son. Knowing what I know, I can't imagine you'd ever let me walk free. So, where will we be flying to?
ANTON: Flying?
ILEANA: Flying? Whatever gave you that idea?

TURLOUGH: Slow down, Doctor. I didn't think you'd planned to walk down.
DOCTOR: I thought you'd enjoy the fresh air.
TURLOUGH: I thought we had return tickets on the cog train.
DOCTOR: Only singles.
TURLOUGH: Well, shouldn't we stick to the road, at least? Hang on, they don't do singles.
DOCTOR: Returns are for tourists.
TURLOUGH: I thought we *were* tourists.
DOCTOR: Really? Yes, I suppose you could look at it like that. Unfortunately, you spent the last of our tenable currency on that burger.
TURLOUGH: That dog's still following us.
DOCTOR: Just ignore it. It'll soon get bored. You see over to the north east, beyond the spaceport? That's where the rain forest used to be.
TURLOUGH: Used to be?
DOCTOR: Up until about twenty years ago.
TURLOUGH: You mean they finally burnt it all?
DOCTOR: They didn't have to. The Amazon was so intensively farmed its eco-system completely caved in. The forests and the plains dried up through lack of rain and the so-called lung of the world turned into a monumental dust bowl stretching from here to the Andes. Thousands of unique species, birds, animals, plants, were decimated.
TURLOUGH: Couldn't anyone try to stop it? Surely someone
DOCTOR: Lots of people. There was nearly a war. But by then the Earth governments had a new toy. The untapped resources of the Moon and the asteroid belt to exploit.
TURLOUGH: So nobody cared. Humans are so stupid.

DOCTOR: When you've studied humans as long as I have, it's hard not to find them quite endearing.
TURLOUGH: I certainly didn't intend to study them *this* long.
DOCTOR: No? Well, I suppose they can get a bit wearing at times. All those questions. And they never seem to learn from their mistakes.
TURLOUGH: That dog's still behind us.
DOCTOR: I know. And a couple more have tagged along.
TURLOUGH: There's more to the right.
DOCTOR: Just keep walking. Don't run.
(Dog barks.)
TURLOUGH: It's turning into a pack. What do they want?
DOCTOR: They're after food.
TURLOUGH: I haven't got any more food.
DOCTOR: I don't think they're that fussy, Turlough. If we can just get to the road.
TURLOUGH: Look out!
(Growl.)
DOCTOR: Ow!
TURLOUGH: Are you hurt?
DOCTOR: Just a little demoralised. They're trying to drive us into a dead end. Look out.
TURLOUGH: Ah!
DOCTOR: Turlough?
TURLOUGH: I never liked this jacket anyway. What do we do?
DOCTOR: Try to divert them. There's an old story about throwing the baby out of the stage to stop the pursuing wolves.
TURLOUGH: I used my burger, and that only brought more of them.
DOCTOR: Give me a hand with this branch. We have to fight our way out the best we can.
TURLOUGH: The wood's tinder dry.
DOCTOR: Exactly. I don't suppose you've got any matches?
TURLOUGH: Sorry?
DOCTOR: Now where did I put that magnifying glass.
TURLOUGH: Doctor, I don't think there's time for that.
DOCTOR: All right, keep your back to the bushes and stay close to me. That way they've only one line of attack. Try to tackle one at a time. Ready, Turlough?
TURLOUGH: Ready, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Here they come.
(Distant howl.)
TURLOUGH: What's that?
(The dogs bark and run off.)
TURLOUGH: They're going.
DOCTOR: Come on.
TURLOUGH: What happened? Where did they go?
DOCTOR: We're not staying to find out. Come on.
TURLOUGH: Something frightened them off.
DOCTOR: There's the road. You were right, we should never have left it.
TURLOUGH: They just ran.
DOCTOR: Just keep going or we'll miss that parade.
TURLOUGH: Don't tell me then. I want to know anyway.
DOCTOR: No, Turlough, I don't think you do. Come on.

(Howl in distance.)
ILEANA: Anton, did you hear?
ANTON: Right across the city. It's another warning. He's marking out his territory.
ILEANA: The Grey One. So many years since I heard that voice. I hoped it might be never again. I was praying it might be just the wind howling in the trees.
ANTON: You're cold.
ILEANA: It chills me.
ANTON: Poor Ileana.
(Closes sliding door.)
ILEANA: I thought the ocean might be a barrier to him. How long have I tried to deny all that darkness, knowing it would always return, slinking in the way the moonlight always finds a

crack in the shadows.
ANTON: He must get past me first.
ILEANA: No. We can't make a stand against him. Who knows how powerful he's grown?
ANTON: I shall challenge him, most powerful or not.
ILEANA: Don't be a fool. You don't know him.
ANTON: But I will.
ILEANA: I was afraid Victor would wake. Above all else, I have to protect him. That's why you must get out of Rio now.
ANTON: With that cut-clawed doctor? Is your son really so ill?
ILEANA: There's no change. Why doesn't he change? Until Hayashi came, I thought everything was lost, but he's an expert.
ANTON: A meddler.
ILEANA: He has to be trusted. And we can't stay here. Where's Inez?
ANTON: We can't run for ever, Ileana. The others won't follow.
ILEANA: They'll do as I tell them. Even you, Lichtfuss. For all the attentions you pay me, you must accept that the old world has changed. I won't sway my decision for anyone. I'm still the leader, and my word is our law.

(Enthusiastic drumming and cheering.)
TURLOUGH: Doctor, over here. You can get a better view.
DOCTOR: Excuse me, can I just. I'm a doctor, can I get through please? Thank you. Sorry.
TURLOUGH: Look at those bird and animal masks. Some of them are almost alive.
DOCTOR: Fascinating. So, is this what you had in mind?
TURLOUGH: Much more like it.
DOCTOR: And the business with the dogs. I apologise
TURLOUGH: It's all right, don't worry. Look at the dancers now, and this isn't even real Carnival yet.
DOCTOR: Glad you like it.
TURLOUGH: I do. Thank you, Doctor. Look, look! Look at the colours on that seashell outfit. Is it all made of flowers? The whole thing must be twenty foot across!
DOCTOR: No, no, not really. It's amazing what they can do with computer graphics these days.
TURLOUGH: It's amazing how little they can cover with so much.
DOCTOR: Atavistic expressions of the inner human self.
TURLOUGH: I call it downright revealing.
DOCTOR: Positively Bacchanalian, but what do you expect from a population that spends the rest of the year hunched over computer screens?
(Whistle blows.)
DOCTOR: And a happy Shrovetide to you too.
TURLOUGH: (laughing) Or maybe humans are just plain earthy.
DOCTOR: Yes. Yes indeed, but preferable I'm sure to the strait-laced rigours of Public School.
TURLOUGH: Never again, Doctor. Now *this* is when you see what humans are really like.
DOCTOR: Oh please, not too philosophical, Turlough. Not today. Ah, good heavens. Not entirely sure how that stays up.
TURLOUGH: Skill, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Or art.
TURLOUGH: Yes, but I wouldn't stare quite so much if I were you.
DOCTOR: Really?
SAMBA GIRL: Hi. You want to dance? Come on, let's dance.
DOCTOR: Ah, no. Not really, thank you.
(Turlough is laughing.)
SAMBA GIRL: Yes, let's dance to the Samba.
DOCTOR: No, no, it's really very kind of you, but not just now, really.
SAMBA GIRL: Everybody dances at Carnaval. Come on, dance with me. I show you how.
DOCTOR: No, really, thank you. Please, no.
TURLOUGH: Go on, Doctor. Get in there.
SAMBA GIRL: Yes, we Samba all the way to Sugarloaf and back again.
DOCTOR: No, please, let go. I'm sorry, I'm saving myself for the big day. Another time, perhaps.
TURLOUGH: Don't be such a coward, Doctor. You can Oh!

DOCTOR: Turlough, what's the matter?
TURLOUGH: (gasping) What is it?
DOCTOR: Don't move. Something's coming through the crowd.
SAMBA GIRL: I must get back.
DOCTOR: No, no, don't go with the crowd, Turlough. Listen to me.
TURLOUGH: We have to move. Have to let it through.
DOCTOR: Turlough, listen. I have to follow that car.
(Turlough groans.)
DOCTOR: Just stay here. I'll be back.
(Runs off.)
TURLOUGH: Don't go, Doctor. Wait for me. Oh, something else is coming. Who's that?
(Low growl.)
TURLOUGH: Those eyes, black and gold. Who are you? Don't look at me like that.
PIETER: Good day to you, young stranger. What fierce eyes you have.
TURLOUGH: Like you then, aren't I. What do you want?
PIETER: Do you have any food for a hungry wanderer? No? Perhaps I was wrong. I was told there was a young fellow with food to throw away. A hunter, I thought, but you have the lean, hungry look of a common jackal.
TURLOUGH: Leave me alone.
PIETER: For the moment. There was a forest here once, but the cut-claws tore it down and set us wolves a-running.
TURLOUGH: Oh yes, of course they did.
PIETER: And we run fast, young stranger.
TURLOUGH: I've seen better wolf masks in third-rate horror films.
PIETER: (growls) Once we have a scent we never lose it. Don't stray too far from the path, because I'll be waiting.
TURLOUGH: Oh, Doctor, where the hell have you gone?
DOCTOR: Turlough, there you are. That hover-limo. The crowd parted like the Red Sea to let it through.
TURLOUGH: I don't really remember.
DOCTOR: Interesting. Probably couldn't help yourself. Could have been some sort of mass auto-suggestion, even a basic instinctive fear driving you back. You look cold.
TURLOUGH: Yes.
DOCTOR: You dropped your jacket.
TURLOUGH: Sorry.
DOCTOR: Couldn't see who was inside the car, though. The windows were polarised. I wonder why it was pushing through the crowd when all the traffic lanes are thirty feet overhead? Mind you, if it's moving at ground level, that makes it easier to follow. Turlough? You do look very cold.
TURLOUGH: Something else came through after you'd gone.
DOCTOR: I didn't see anything. Was it following the car?
TURLOUGH: It came right up to me.
DOCTOR: Really.
TURLOUGH: It kept growling. And it was tall, with a mask like a wolf, but burning gold eyes. At least, I think it was a mask.
DOCTOR: Did you speak to it?
TURLOUGH: No.
DOCTOR: Pity. That car was heading for the old Dom Pedro station.
TURLOUGH: Where we left the Tardis.
DOCTOR: Nasty thoughts are like buses, Turlough.
TURLOUGH: Huh?
DOCTOR: You don't get one for ages, then a whole army come along together. Come on.

(The hover-limo arrives at Dom Pedro railway station.)
ILEANA: Jorge.
JORGE: Senhora. I was starting to worry.
ILEANA: The Carnaval crowds delayed us, Jorge, but they may help muddy our tracks. Where's the train?
JORGE: It's all prepared and programmed. Inez, Herr Lichtfuss, are we all here?
ILEANA: If we stand about we'll attract attention. We must keep my son out of sight.

ANTON: He's still sleeping. Jorge, help us with the hover-gurney.
JORGE: Grr. Are these the physicians?
ILEANA: Doctor Hayashi.
HAYASHI: And this is my assistant, Juro.
ILEANA: They come with us. I told you this already.
JORGE: This way, Senhora. Inez, where's Kanu Choudhry? I thought he'd meet us.
INEZ: Mister Choudhry is not coming.
ANTON: You didn't tell me that. Senhora, has he finally slunk away, tail between his legs?
ILEANA: It's something I'll explain to you later.
ANTON: Not in front of the cut-claws.
ILEANA: Never say that again, Lichtfuss. Never, ever! Any more whining and I'll
ANTON: What's that? (deep breath) Do you catch it?
(No more background sounds.)
INEZ: What is it?
ANTON: It's like nothing I've ever
ILEANA: Oh, ancient. A scent like stillness.
ANTON: Like coming snow.
JORGE: No, no, like breaking ice on the rivers in spring.
ILEANA: The scent after the lightning, before the thunder.
INEZ: Or fields after rain.
ILEANA: And the oldest forests under the dark fir trees.
ANTON: Almost unearthly.
(A distant howl.)
HAYASHI: Senhora, Senhora, we should move.
(The background noise is back.)
ILEANA: What? What is it, Hayashi?
HAYASHI: We are being watched. The train, please, hurry.
DOCTOR: It's all right, Turlough. They've moving again.
TURLOUGH: I thought they'd seen us for a minute. At least they're nowhere near the Tardis.
DOCTOR: That's true. Can you see them better now?
TURLOUGH: Sort of, but it's hard to focus. My brain says they're there because you tell me, but it's a job to convince my eyes.
DOCTOR: Because they don't want to be seen.
TURLOUGH: I don't want to see them, either. I thought fur coats like that would have been outlawed years ago.
DOCTOR: They're heading the gurney towards that monorail.
TURLOUGH: You said only freight travels by rail these days.
DOCTOR: Or livestock. Maybe I was wrong. If that's a body they're pushing, maybe I should pay my respects.
TURLOUGH: Oh no, Doctor. Come back. Not through there.
(Beeping.)
TANNOY: Error. Error. You have breached security barrier seven. Stay where you are. Have your passports and identity implants ready for inspection.
DOCTOR: Ah ha. So that's it.
TURLOUGH: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Look at the crest on the side of the carriage.
TURLOUGH: Doctor, we can't stay here.
DOCTOR: Família de Santos. Just like royalty. Fancy a trip on a Royal Train, Turlough?
TURLOUGH: Doctor, it's not our business. Maybe it's a private funeral?
DOCTOR: When it clears the streets by auto-suggestion, with something nasty like a hungry wolf following the cortège?
TURLOUGH: It was just a mask. Part of the carnival.
DOCTOR: Now you're trying to delude yourself, which is exactly what they want. Come on, we've a train to catch.

INEZ: Senhora, come inside. The train is ready to leave.
ILEANA: That scent again, Inez. There he is.
DOCTOR: Hello?
(Rapid beeping.)
INEZ: Senhora, the doors. Quickly.

(Doors close.)
ILEANA: How strange.
INEZ: Come away from the window, Senhora. We must attend your son. Senhora.

INSPECTOR: Remain where you are.
(The Ticket Inspector is an automaton with a female voice identical to the Tannoy.)
TURLOUGH: What are they staring at?
DOCTOR: Me, I think. Please, I must speak to you.
(Train hooter.)
DOCTOR: Look, I am the Doctor, and this is
TURLOUGH: Too late.
DOCTOR: I have to speak to her.
TURLOUGH: Doctor, here comes trouble.
INSPECTOR: Your passports please, Senhors.
DOCTOR: This train, where's it going?
INSPECTOR: You are in a restricted area. If you have no passport, please display your State identity grafts now.
DOCTOR: I want to know about that train.
INSPECTOR: Under Amazonian State law, it is an offence not to display your ID implant within the city boundaries.
TURLOUGH: Not listening.
INSPECTOR: Please display your genome ID graft, Senhors. Failure to do so may result in a fine or imprisonment.
DOCTOR: Hello? Do your limited responses include a time table, or was that train a specially chartered service?
INSPECTOR: If you have a personal credit rating card recognised by any major international bank, please display now.
TURLOUGH: I think it wants a bribe.
DOCTOR: Well, it's out of luck. Ow! That's my arm you're twisting off.
INSPECTOR: A credit rating of nil is also an offence within the city central boundary.
TURLOUGH: Hold still, Doctor. If I can prise that open.
DOCTOR: Overgrown shopping trolley
INSPECTOR: Under Amazonian State law, assaulting an Inspecting Officer is a punishable offence.
TURLOUGH: Oh, shut up, will you? Ow! Get off me!
INSPECTOR: Fines for not displaying an ID may not be less than five thousand credits or a prison term of no less than six months. Please accompany me to the Immigration Register Office immediately.
TANNOY: Emergency procedure. Assistance is required on platform seven.
TURLOUGH: I can't get free.
(A big growl then a crash of machine parts.)
TANNOY: Emergency! Assistance required.
DOCTOR: There it goes!
TURLOUGH: Ow, my arm! What was it? I didn't see, it was so fast.
DOCTOR: A huge wolf.
TURLOUGH: A wolf?
DOCTOR: Yes, a massive grey animal bounding after the monorail.
TURLOUGH: Doctor, we can't stay here.
DOCTOR: No, we have to warn them. Back to the Tardis, quickly. There's more than one way to catch a train.
TANNOY: I repeat, resisting arrest.

HAYASHI: Your son is growing weaker, Senhora.
ILEANA: By that I assume you mean his dark side is growing stronger.
HAYASHI: Until we reach our destination, wherever that is, I must increase the dosage of inhibitor drugs, if only for our own safety.
ILEANA: I want a *cure*, Hayashi, not a delay.
HAYASHI: Impossible, until I have proper medical facilities. To treat your son was my own calculated risk, but now both my assistant and I are endangered by circumstances beyond our control.

(Door slides open.)
ILEANA: There is no danger. Just concentrate on a cure for my son.
ANTON: No danger, Ileana? Then who was that stranger at the station?
(Door slides shut.)
ILEANA: This is my private carriage, Herr Lichtfuss. What do you all want?
INEZ: We are all concerned, Senhora.
JORGE: Who was that at the station? Was it him?
ILEANA: You think that was the Grey One, Jorge? Did he look grey?
ANTON: Then who was it?
INEZ: Perhaps you have a rival, mein Herr.
ILEANA: He was a stranger, that's all. I've never seen him before.
JORGE: But he saw us, Senhora.
ANTON: Is he a rival? If he is, Ileana, I'll lay his skin at your feet.
INEZ: Such gallantry.
JORGE: We'll turn the train round for you now.
ILEANA: Be quiet, all of you. Doctor Hayashi, please forgive us. You are our guest.
HAYASHI: But I am eager to learn your ways, Senhora.
ANTON: One stranger after another.
ILEANA: The stranger at the station means nothing. Get that into your head. He was just an inquisitive cut-claw.
ANTON: He didn't smell like nothing.
ILEANA: God! Why is everyone always so *young*! You're always questioning me, always snapping at my heels. If you don't believe the danger we left, then I'll show you. Maybe that'll put a stop to your whining.

(Tardis door opens and closes.)
DOCTOR: How's your shoulder?
TURLOUGH: It hurts. How about yours?
DOCTOR: Still workable. Next time I'll buy a platform ticket.
TURLOUGH: At the risk of sounding human
DOCTOR: A question about what happened. Yes, of course.
TURLOUGH: The wolf you saw.
DOCTOR: Wolf-like.
TURLOUGH: But with golden eyes?
DOCTOR: Difficult to say, he was moving so fast, and it wasn't standing on its hind legs.
TURLOUGH: Mine was.
DOCTOR: I thought it might have been.
(The Tardis dematerialises.)
TURLOUGH: Oh, no. You're not going after it? What about the Carnival?
DOCTOR: Those people are in danger, Turlough, and if I can't catch that train, I can always go ahead and meet it.

ILEANA: Put the box down here, Inez, then they can all see why we had to leave. This gift was delivered to my apartment this morning.
JORGE: There's blood on it.
ANTON: Ileana, your physician is still here.
HAYASHI: Forgive me, Senhora. I'm intruding.
ILEANA: Stay here, Hayashi.
HAYASHI: I must attend to your son.
ANTON: Excellent idea.
ILEANA: And I want you to stay. We don't have secrets from you. How can we, whatever Herr Lichtfuss thinks.
ANTON: It's no secret what I think.
JORGE: This blood. (sniffs) It's a day old at least, but I can't place the smell.
ANTON: Jorge, let me see. There's a card.
ILEANA: The Grey One sends gifts as well. Open it, Anton.
CARD: Thank you for reading this paper-free card. No trees were harmed in the making of this product. Your greeting reads
PIETER [OC]: A gift to the merchant's daughter. How many fat moons since I pulled you from the snow?

ANTON: Is that him?
ILEANA: Who else? It's why we left Rio. Open the box.
ANTON: Oh! Kanu Choudhry.
JORGE: His head.
PIETER [OC]: And when the moon is fat again, I shall wrap you in its silver sheen, and blood will feed the forest.
ANTON: What does he mean?
ILEANA: This is why I took you away from the city. It's why I've called a Council.
JORGE: You've called the others?
ILEANA: As many as would listen.
ANTON: No one's done that, ever.
ILEANA: There's never been a threat like this till now.
HAYASHI: Senhora, the head. May I see, please?
ANTON: Don't touch that!
ILEANA: Let him see.
HAYASHI: Hmm. Yes, very ferocious. I think you were wise to leave when you did.
ANTON: Before we all have our heads torn off?
HAYASHI: Er, no. Not torn. There's a lot of blood clogged in his fur, but the actual severance is comparatively clean. You need very powerful jaws to take the head off like that. Just one bite, I think.
ANTON: Monster!
(Hayashi cried out.)
ILEANA: Stop it, Lichtfuss. Let him go!
(Phone ringing.)
ILEANA: Don't answer that.
JORGE: But it could be the others, waiting for us.
ILEANA: No. Look at the screen. That caller ID. Don't touch it. Don't touch it.

DOCTOR: Now, at an average speed of four hundred and two point three five KPH, it should reach these coordinates in about four and a quarter minutes, or so.
TURLOUGH: Doctor, where are we?
DOCTOR: We'll just hover here for a while.
TURLOUGH: Don't answer my question, then.
DOCTOR: Coordinates fifty one degrees west by sixteen degrees south. The northern end of the Mantiqueira tunnel, otherwise known as the lower regions of the Amazon desert. And from the look of it, a pretty dismal and dusty place it is too.
TURLOUGH: And have you got the year right?
DOCTOR: No need to be sarcastic.
TURLOUGH: We're on the monorail track!
DOCTOR: Three inches above it, to be precise. As I said, we're in hover mode. I just hope it's the northbound track.
TURLOUGH: I don't believe this. You're waiting for that train?
DOCTOR: Exactly. And allowing for any leaves on the line, which is doubtful in the ecologically catastrophic day and age, it's due any time now. How we're not too late.
TURLOUGH: You're crazy. You've put us right in its path.
DOCTOR: As I said, I'm getting rather better at these precision manoeuvres.
(Rumble.)
TURLOUGH: Doctor, there are lights.
DOCTOR: Good, good. Now when the train comes through, I simply jump the Tardis forward ten second in time
TURLOUGH: It's coming! Doctor, the train!
DOCTOR: But not in space.
TURLOUGH: Doctor!
(Train horn. Tardis engines. Bang!)

[Part Two]

ROSA [OC]: The moon's risin', Grandpa. Don't know how far I walked, but I ain't seen no one but the 'dillos. But Grandpa, I found it. The shinin' path cuttin' across the desert. I put my ear to

it and there was this roar, a long way off, heck yes, and way angry. Maybe it's comin' my way, but am I scared? And how. Still two nights to a full moon, Grandpa. Future won't be long now. That's what I heard on the path. So I'm just stayin' put. The future'll find me when it's hungry. I'm ready. I just have to sit and wait.
(Wolf howls.)

(Tardis engines, bang, train carries on. Pause, then the Tardis door opens.)
TURLOUGH: Yes, Doctor, you're definitely getting better at these short jumps.
DOCTOR: Yes, as leapfrog manoeuvres go, that was rather nifty, even if I say so myself.
TURLOUGH: And hardly any damage to the Tardis at all.
DOCTOR: Thank you. Baggage.
TURLOUGH: I'm sorry?
DOCTOR: It's a baggage car, Turlough. Albeit an empty one.
TURLOUGH: Very impressive. Quiet, isn't it?
DOCTOR: I just hope we're not too late.

(The train rushes past insects in the night.)
HAYASHI: Juro, I've got the go-ahead to keep the brute dosed up until we. Juro? Where are you now? What's happened, you idiot? Torn the restraints apart, Juro? Where's Victor? Where are you?
(Metal clatters.)
HAYASHI: Juro?
(Snarling.)
HAYASHI: Oh. Oh, no! No, no, no! Argh!

ILEANA: It's all coming together, Inez. I've finally spoken to Tino.
INEZ: He took his time, Senhora.
ILEANA: There's a lot to prepare at the ranch, Inez. He says the others are already arriving.
INEZ: So soon?
ILEANA: Yes. Oh, don't look so despondent. This is extraordinary. Some of them are legends. Irnst Boxen of Morbach walked in out of the desert at noon, followed by Selina of Greifswald.
INEZ: Selina! Heavens, however old must she be?
ILEANA: And the Misters Maugrim and Talbot, and Billy Redtooth of the Cherokee.
INEZ: Senhora, is this wise?
ILEANA: It's certainly dangerous, but I've considered it long enough. Isn't that what people do? Consider things? That has to be better than blind instinct. And so many lost souls have answered my call already.
INEZ: Are they lost? You may have to convince them of that. If *they* can come so soon, then so can the Grey One, Senhora.
ILEANA: That's why we left Rio. Jorge says we'll reach the old cattle station within three hours, and Tino will be there to meet us. We can't turn back now.
(Door slides open.)
HAYASHI: Let go of me!
ANTON: Get back, cut-claw.
HAYASHI: Let me through. Senhora, I must see you.
ILEANA: What's this?
HAYASHI: He's dead. I must speak to the Senhora.
ILEANA: Who's dead?
HAYASHI: Put me down!
ILEANA: Lichtfuss! Put him down, Lichtfuss!
(Thud.)
ILEANA: What does he want? Who's dead?
ANTON: Your son is missing.
ILEANA: Victor!
HAYASHI: He's broken his restraints, and Juro has vanished.
ANTON: His assistant.
HAYASHI: There's blood everywhere.
ILEANA: Victor. Victor would never do that.
HAYASHI: He's a monster, isn't he? It's his nature. He has devoured my assistant.

ANTON: (laughs) If only he had.
ILEANA: What's happened to my son!
INEZ: Wait, all of you. There, do you catch it?
ILEANA: That scent again. The one we caught at the station.
ANTON: What is that?
INEZ: It smells like. No, that's absurd. You remember the fields at Antwerp where they harvested the white celery?
ANTON: That stranger.
ILEANA: No, not him. It's the Grey One. *He's* with us, here on the train. He killed your assistant and now he's stolen my son!

(Snarling. Door slides open.)
TURLOUGH: This is the first train I've been on that had no passengers or crew.
DOCTOR: It would be after your time that British Rail was privatised.
TURLOUGH: You mean it got worse?
DOCTOR: Much.
(Something falls to the floor.)
TURLOUGH: What was that?
DOCTOR: With luck, just a restless cheese and tomato roll.
TURLOUGH: If this is the food galley, it's not very sanitary, is it?
DOCTOR: No. Someone's left the meat store open. How very careless. Ah.
TURLOUGH: What is it?
DOCTOR: No, Turlough, that's not a good idea.
TURLOUGH: Why? What's going? Oh, no.
DOCTOR: Sorry, Turlough.
TURLOUGH: Horrible. His face.
DOCTOR: Yes. It's a shock.
TURLOUGH: I should be used to it. I mean, I've seen things, but, hung up there.
DOCTOR: I know.
TURLOUGH: With the other meat.
DOCTOR: The ambient temperature of this store must be about three degrees Celsius, but he's still warm, so it's a recent death.
TURLOUGH: I can tell that by the blood. Is this the body they were carrying at the station?
DOCTOR: Hard to tell. He's of Asian origin. Nasty jagged wounds. More like teeth marks.
TURLOUGH: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Probably caused by some sort of large carnivore
TURLOUGH: In the corner, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Hmm? Oh yes, indeed. Quite like that.
TURLOUGH: Don't touch it.
DOCTOR: The severed head of a wolf. No, not quite a wolf. Bigger, less vulpine, more
TURLOUGH: Man-like? His eyes are blue. What's it doing in a box? Looks as if it's been gift-wrapped.
DOCTOR: What this what you saw at the Carnival?
TURLOUGH: I don't know. What did *you* see at the station? Maybe we're too late. Maybe they've caught the killer already.
DOCTOR: No blood on its jaws, and it's cold. It's been dead a couple of days at least. Look at the neck. That wasn't severed neatly. The whole head's been bitten off.
TURLOUGH: By something bigger?
DOCTOR: Turlough, don't move.
TURLOUGH: What.
DOCTOR: Don't be surprised, but we are not alone. How do you do? I'm the Doctor.
TURLOUGH: Where? There's no one here.
DOCTOR: And this is Turlough.
ANTON: Another bloody doctor, Jorge.
JORGE: Two lambs who strayed from the flock, Herr Lichtfuss.
ANTON: And this is not the way back to the sheepfold.
DOCTOR: Excuse me.
TURLOUGH: Doctor, what are you doing?
DOCTOR: Being polite. They're right in front of you. Can you really not see them?
TURLOUGH: Who?

DOCTOR: Just stay still. Don't move.
ANTON: (sniffs) You see? Celery. Inez was right. But all mixed up with some sort, no, several sorts of musk, like nothing I've ever caught before. Reminds me of places I've never heard of.
JORGE: (sniffs) He's no Grey One.
DOCTOR: Please take your hand off my coat. Ow! No need to be vicious.
ANTON: He is no cut-claw either. Neither's the other one.
TURLOUGH: Sorry, Doctor, but I can't see anyone.
DOCTOR: Neither of them?
TURLOUGH: Neither? How many of them are there?
ANTON: (sniffs) This one smells of cooked meat. Horse meat, maybe goat, but very old at any rate.
DOCTOR: Leave my friend alone, please. Turlough, they're playing with your perception. Just listen to me.
JORGE: The young one's more susceptible. What shall we do with him, drive him off the train?
DOCTOR: I said, leave my friend alone and let go of me!
(Growls.)
TURLOUGH: Ah! What is it? Who's there?
DOCTOR: Leave him alone. Turlough, I'm here.
JORGE: Grr. Go back.
DOCTOR: Look at me, Turlough.
TURLOUGH: I can't see you.
DOCTOR: Then listen. I'm over here.
TURLOUGH: Where? It's all foggy. Doctor, where are you? I can't see anyone.
(Knocks crockery over. Jorge laughs.)
DOCTOR: Don't try to look. Shut your eyes.
JORGE: And go this way.
TURLOUGH: No!
(Growls, patter of feet.)
JORGE: Go that.
TURLOUGH: No, please. I can't stop myself.
DOCTOR: Shut your eyes and reach straight in front of you, Turlough. No, not that way!
ANTON: Yes, that way.
JORGE: Grr, yes, straight for the door.
(Outside door opens, alarm sounds.)
DOCTOR: Turlough, crouch down, then you can't move.
TURLOUGH: I must get away.
JORGE: Go on, jump!
DOCTOR: Turlough! No!
(Wolf howls.)
ANTON: It's him. There he is.
JORGE: What?
ANTON: He's there. Along there. I saw him. Leave these two.
(Outside door closes. Alarm stops.)
DOCTOR: Turlough. Turlough, can you see me?
TURLOUGH: Yes.
DOCTOR: Just go gently.
TURLOUGH: I think you were right about auto-suggestion. Didn't have a thought in my head that was mine. Did I nearly jump off the train?
DOCTOR: Very nearly, yes.
TURLOUGH: Did you stop me?
DOCTOR: No. No, no, Turlough, no, I couldn't. They were putting the idea in your head. Fortunately they found something else more important to chase.
(Door slides open.)
INEZ: They'll forget a fat sheep to chase a skinny rat.
DOCTOR: Boa noite, Senhorita.
INEZ: Good evening, Senhor. When their blood's up a common flea could out-think them.
DOCTOR: Making people jump seems to be a habit around here. I'm the Doctor and this is Turlough.
INEZ: Were you hurt?
DOCTOR: How considerate. Turlough, are you hurt?

TURLOUGH: Only scarred mentally. Nothing that'll show.
INEZ: Senhor, my mistress wants to speak with you.
DOCTOR: Indeed. No doubt she's travelling first class with none of the annoying disadvantages the lesser passengers in steerage have to suffer.
INEZ: She is waiting.

(The train continues on track. A door slides open.)
ANTON: Not a whiff of the Grey One, Jorge. No spoor, no fewmet.
JORGE: Even he couldn't get far, not if he's just eaten.
ANTON: That was Victor that we saw, not the Grey One.
JORGE: Your eyes are sharper than mine, Lichtfuss.
ANTON: And I'll warrant it was him who chewed up Hayashi's assistant.
JORGE: Poor little Victor. Still no change then. Stuck like that. He was a playful chap when he was a whelp. Had the run of the pampas. He used to love to fetch a ball.
ANTON: Before he got a taste for gaucho.
JORGE: Oh, his mother's too strict with him. It's no good trying to stifle his natural instincts. That's what's led to all this trouble in the first place.
ANTON: She has her instincts too. Why else do you think the Grey One has come?
JORGE: For Victor. That's what she said.
ANTON: (laughs) He's come for *her*, not Victor. We all heard his call across the city. And we saw what happened to Kanu Choudhry.
JORGE: The Grey One? That's a dark name. The old stories say he's cunning.
ANTON: The first and most powerful, but would you know him if you smelt him?
JORGE: The strangers, celery and goat-chop.
ANTON: The ones we let go.
JORGE: But suppose one of them was the Grey One? In the stories, he's the master of shapes and illusion.
ANTON: Hmm. That's very cunning indeed, making us think we could throw them off the train. But if he's come for Ileana?
JORGE: Better hurry, mein Herr, before you lose your favours.

(Door slides open.)
INEZ: This way, Senhors.
ILEANA: Ah, extraordinary.
DOCTOR: How do you do, Senhora. I apologise for intruding on your privacy. I'm the Doctor, and this is
HAYASHI: Doctor?
DOCTOR: And this is Turlough, Senhora.
ILEANA: Please come in, both of you.
HAYASHI: What sort of doctor?
DOCTOR: Peripatetic. I travel a lot. Permanently on call, you might say. What about you, Mister?
HAYASHI: Doctor Matsuo Hayashi, consultant Therianthropist practitioner, Institute of Genomic Surgery, Kamakura University.
DOCTOR: Fascinating. And was this your equipment? Someone's made quite a mess of it.
ILEANA: Doctor, I am Ileana de Santos. My late husband was owner of the Santos cattle empire.
DOCTOR: Really? I think Turlough here is familiar with some of your produce.
TURLOUGH: The dogs couldn't get enough of it.
DOCTOR: And this is *your* private monorail? Where exactly is it heading?
HAYASHI: How did you get on board?
DOCTOR: Under my own steam.
ILEANA: We saw you at the station, Doctor. Please explain why you're here.
DOCTOR: We came to warn you, though from the state of your surgery, I fear I maybe overdue.
ILEANA: What exactly did you want to warn us about?
DOCTOR: I believe that there is a dangerous creature on board.
TURLOUGH: Only one?
ILEANA: Forgive us. Doctor. You find us in a state of some alarm. My son, who is an invalid, has disappeared, and I fear he has been abducted.

DOCTOR: Ah. Then Senhora, I fear I may be the bringer of bad news. I'm afraid Turlough and I found a body in the galley, three carriages back. In the fridge.
ILEANA: A body?
DOCTOR: A young Asian man with black hair and a white lab coat. What was left of it.
HAYASHI: Juro!
ILEANA: Oh, thank God.
HAYASHI: I told the little idiot to be careful. Now what am I going to tell the Faculty?
DOCTOR: Then I assume this wasn't your son.
ILEANA: No, not Victor.
TURLOUGH: He was badly savaged.
HAYASHI: Juro is, was, my assistant. Regrettably a very careless one.
TURLOUGH: (sotto) Doctor, what about the wolf head?
DOCTOR: (sotto) Never mind that now. (normal) Perhaps we should verify his identity. I think you should come and see for yourself.
HAYASHI: No, no, I take your word for it.
ILEANA: This is appalling. The young man was nursing my son. Obviously he was attacked when Victor was abducted.
TURLOUGH: Just like we were attacked.
ILEANA: He attacked you? You saw him?
TURLOUGH: Not exactly.
DOCTOR: I saw something. It burst in on us, drew the others off.
ILEANA: Yes?
DOCTOR: A large animal, but walking upright like a man. At a rough guess I'd call him a therianthropic metamorph, but then lycanthropy comes in so many shapes and sizes, doesn't it? Were-sharks, were-pads, were-wolves. What did you say your son was suffering from?
TURLOUGH: At the station, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Hmm?
TURLOUGH: We saw it at the station too. That shape running after the train, like a wolf.
ILEANA: What did you see? Was it grey?
DOCTOR: Yes. Grey and very large. Almost unfeasibly large, actually. That's why we came. Although the wolf we saw on the train, the one that drew off your associates when they attacked us, I think that one was brown and much smaller. More of a Prairie than a Timber wolf.
ILEANA: Inez!
DOCTOR: Yes, definitely brown, like the hairs here on this bed.
(Door slides open.)
INEZ: Senhora?
ILEANA: Inez, find Lichtfuss and Jorge.
INEZ: Yes, Senhora.
ILEANA: No, find Victor first!
INEZ: Senhora.
(Door slides closed.)
DOCTOR: Senhora, I'd like to help.
HAYASHI: Senhora de Santos's son is extremely ill. He needs constant medical attention, which only I can provide.
DOCTOR: With metal vices and a strait-jacket? That's a pretty extreme form of medication.
ILEANA: Who are you? Why make us your business?
DOCTOR: I sense danger, Senhora. That's why I came to help. Of course, if you'd rather, we could just stop the train and I'll send for the Polícia.

ANTON: What did this Doctor say then?
INEZ: He said he saw the Grey One at the station.
ANTON: And?
INEZ: He came to warn the Senhora about it.
JORGE: You said *he* was the Grey One, Lichtfuss.
ANTON: You said he was cunning. He's lying, that's all.
JORGE: Suppose he knows we think he's lying? He could be telling the truth, so we'd never know. Now that's really cunning.
INEZ: Idiots! The springtime's stolen your wits. The Doctor isn't the Grey One, and the Senhora knows it.

ANTON: And you know that it was Victor who did for Hayashi's assistant?
INEZ: Of course I do. But who's going to dare tell the Senhora that?
ANTON: This Doctor, with a bit of luck. We all know why he's sniffing around her.
INEZ: That's as clear as a frosty night. He wants her.
JORGE: But he's a cut-claw.
INEZ: He's not her first.
ANTON: (growls) What did she do? Tell me!
INEZ: Ow!
ANTON: Tell me, Inez, or I'll bite off your ears. Ah! You little bitch!
(Jorge laughs.)
INEZ: Oh, she's interested, mein Herr. Oh, yes. She said this Doctor's worth more than the whole Santos empire.
ANTON: She wouldn't dare.
INEZ: As for mein Herr Lichtfuss, she says he can crawl back to the backwoods where he belongs and hunt for beetles.
(Growl, slap, squeal.)
ANTON: That'll teach you to listen at doors. Never insult your mistress again.
JORGE: What about the cut-claws.
ANTON: Easily dealt with. And maybe the Grey One's just an old story to frighten puppies. There's only one way to win the Senhora's favours. I must restore her wandering son.

(Phone rings.)
ILEANA: (sotto) Pieter Stubbe. (normal) Leave me alone. Go away.
(Answers the phone.)
PIETER [OC]: Ileana, is that you? Can you see me too? I missed my welcome, Ileana, so I (laughs) persuaded a cut-claw to show me how to use this device.
ILEANA: I have nothing to say to you.
PIETER [OC]: What's the matter? You look like a dog with a docked tail. (laughs) I hardly knew you. The merchant's daughter's become quite the merchant's wife, very tamed and domesticated, and doting on your half-cut-claw whelp.
ILEANA: Leave my son alone. It was my choice. You never gave me a choice.
PIETER [OC]: What about our times together? Remember the snowy forests and the mountains, chasing sledges for sport? That was an ocean away from this dust-choked ill-gotten desert. In those days you had eyes and ears for me alone. No one else. Even now, when you're running, you can't look away.
ILEANA: You'll never touch me again. You won't find me. I'm gone.
PIETER [OC]: I'm closer than you think. How many other suitors are panting round you now? One less, at any rate. (laughs) He whimpered like a beaten mongrel before I relieved him of his head. Tell your other admirers they'll get the same. Still nothing to say? I hate to talk to someone I can't smell. Keep running, Ileana. However fast you run, I'll run faster. (dialling tone.)
ILEANA: Leave me alone, monster.

TURLOUGH: Doctor, I saw something out there. Doctor!
DOCTOR: Patience, Turlough.
TURLOUGH: I *saw* something from the window.
(Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: It's a bit dark to see anything. Just desert and the ghosts of dead trees.
TURLOUGH: No, in the moonlight. Something running along through the scrub. Some sort of big animal. Very big.
DOCTOR: There's bound to be some wildlife out there, struggling to survive after the death of the forest.
TURLOUGH: How fast are we going?
DOCTOR: About two hundred miles an hour.
TURLOUGH: We can't be.
DOCTOR: Perhaps a little more. Why?
TURLOUGH: Because it was keeping pace with the train, and then it veered off. It was going even faster. Doctor, it was the grey wolf we saw at the station.
DOCTOR: Stay here.
TURLOUGH: Where are you going?

DOCTOR: To speak to our hostess.
TURLOUGH: Doctor, come back!
(Door slides open and closed.)
TURLOUGH: Don't leave me here, not in the middle of a pack of werewolves.
JORGE: Closer than he thinks.
ANTON: Look at those eyes. He's see us if he wanted to.
JORGE: An orphan cub if ever I smelt one.
TURLOUGH: Who's there?
ANTON: He'd see a lot of things if he looked. Both outside and in.
JORGE: What a waste if we didn't show him his potential.
TURLOUGH: Where are you? I know you're here. Mmph!
ANTON: See us now, young master? Time we woke you up.
JORGE: We have to catch a wild dog and you're just the bait we need to help us.

(Door slides open.)
ILEANA: Ah, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Senhora, I want to stop the train.
ILEANA: Impossible. Jorge has programmed the journey into the drive system.
DOCTOR: There must be a fail-safe way to stop it?
ILEANA: Nothing can override the programme until we reach our destination.
DOCTOR: And then what happens to Turlough and me?
ILEANA: I haven't decided.
DOCTOR: Forgive me. You're concerned about your son and in fact you seem beset by troubles.
ILEANA: Danger has always walked with me, Doctor. It's my oldest and most faithful companion.
DOCTOR: But sometimes it comes and looks you in the face.
ILEANA: And are you another danger?
DOCTOR: I couldn't say, Senhora. I leave it up to you. But I do like to be surprising.
ILEANA: I think you already know what I have to tell you.
DOCTOR: That your son is a wolf. Yes, I know.
ILEANA: And that he takes after his mother.
DOCTOR: I've never known a mother who wasn't proud of her son.
ILEANA: Proud? How can you think that? It's the very curse of my long, long existence. Proud? No, never.
DOCTOR: I remain to be convinced. And what about your husband?
ILEANA: Frederico was a Cariocan. Rio was his city. For forty two years he cared for me, driving back the shadow that surround me. But as you see, I do not age as he did. Victor was the son that he craved above all his wealth, his land, his empire.
DOCTOR: He didn't know about Victor's condition?
ILEANA: Oh yes, but Frederico never questioned, just accepted. He was plagued all his life by guilt over the ruin that he said his business, the ranches and cattle, brought to the great forest. But he never ceased to love us.
DOCTOR: And Victor?
ILEANA: Like all children, he rebelled. But now he has no human father, his wolf inheritance has taken hold.
DOCTOR: And he cannot change back.
ILEANA: No.
DOCTOR: I'd say he makes a handsome wolf.
ILEANA: It waxes and wanes in all of us, but poor Victor has no light left. He's all instinct. Like the dusk, the shadows of the past lengthen around us.
DOCTOR: And one particular grey shadow pursues you.
ILEANA: The Grey One. Pieter Stubbe. Undying and always hungry. I've been bound to him and his darkness for longer than you could ever imagine.
DOCTOR: I think you'd be surprised. One hundred, two hundred years?
ILEANA: How can you possibly know that?
DOCTOR: Time is my business. Well, one of my businesses. But please, I'm stopping your story.
ILEANA: My father was a merchant from Smolensk. Quite rich, with land and serfs.
DOCTOR: Imperial Russia. Let me guess. First half of the nineteenth century?

ILEANA: The summer of 1812.
DOCTOR: The year of Napoleon's futile invasion. And stormy weather too, as I remember.
ILEANA: Do you? We were fleeing the advancing French, but our carts ran into bandits. We lost all our belongings, and my father was shot.
DOCTOR: And then you were rescued by a wolf.
ILEANA: By a handsome partisan who turned out to be a wolf.
DOCTOR: And he brought all the wildness out in you.
ILEANA: And the dark. Oh, Doctor, it seems that however far I chase the sun, the oncoming night and the moon are always baying at the door behind me. They never let me rest.
DOCTOR: Ileana, suppose the shadow reaches your destination before you do.

ROSA: You said it never got cold, Grandpa. Not in the old days. But Jeez, the wind's sharp tonight. Reckon you could slice meat with it.
(Breaking dry twigs.)
ROSA: And the moon's strong. No one to talk to, just me and the dust devils.
PIETER: Good day, young lady.
ROSA: Ah, Jesus!
PIETER: Whither away, so close to the silver path?
ROSA: Whither away yourself. And it's not day, it's way past midnight.
PIETER: Once this desert was a mighty forest.
ROSA: Too right. They took it away, like they take everything.
PIETER: And left the dust. Is that meat you have there?
ROSA: Just a 'dillo I whistled up.
PIETER: Cooked him in his shell.
ROSA: Maybe.
PIETER: Give me some. I've come a long, long way without food.
ROSA: Get your own.
PIETER: Just one morsel for a lonely traveller.
ROSA: Back off, lobo. Go scavenge some other place else.
PIETER: Oh, but there's a wicked fate that waits for greedy girls. Girls who can't spare a bite for a wandering soul. Just one bite.
ROSA: I said, back away. I know what you are, loups-garoux. (Pieter growls) See this knife? Pure silver, yeah. My Grandpa made it out of silver from the mines under the dead forest, and it'll take a bite out of you before you take a bite out of me.
PIETER: (laughs) Little girl, your claws need cutting. Stay by your silver path, then, but don't stray, because one night I'll be waiting round the next corner, and I'll still be hungry.
ROSA: I won't forget.
PIETER: Gut Nacht, meine liebchen.
ROSA: Tchau, Senhor wolf.

(A telephone call is made.)
HAYASHI [OC]: Stubbe. Returning my call at last.
PIETER: I don't come to your whistle, Hayashi. What's your news?
HAYASHI [OC]: We're not far from our destination.
PIETER: Rancho de Santos.
HAYASHI [OC]: I assume so. But her son's running loose on the train.
PIETER: (laughs) So much for Ileana's house-training.
HAYASHI [OC]: And there are strangers, too. A so-called Doctor and his assistant.
PIETER: Huh. Those two again. They run fast for a brace of cut-claw footpads.
HAYASHI [OC]: The Senhora seemed most taken with the Doctor.
PIETER: It's no matter. Ileana can coax as many suitors as she likes. Once I'm back with her, she'll soon forget the panting of a few love-sick poodles, and I'll leave their carcasses to feed the desert dogs.

TURLOUGH: When are you going to tear me apart? Isn't that what werewolves do?
ANTON: Don't believe everything you see in old films.
JORGE: Or hear in old stories.
TURLOUGH: Right.
ANTON: Do we look like ravening monsters?

TURLOUGH: What about that wolf man I saw?
ANTON: Sometimes the darker side tips the scales. Nothing to be ashamed of.
JORGE: And werewolf is a cut-claw name. I've always found it deeply offensive.
ANTON: But it's important to make amends. Jorge, a drink for our guest.
TURLOUGH: Sorry?
ANTON: We wanted to know more about you.
(Pouring liquid.)
JORGE: Once we realised you were more than just human.
TURLOUGH: Oh, thanks very much. So trying to throw me off the train was fine when I was just pond life.
JORGE: A drink.
TURLOUGH: Thank you.
ANTON: Humans are just cattle to us. They're cut-claws. Over the years they've forcibly subdued their darker instincts.
JORGE: They've dulled their wits.
TURLOUGH: Tell me about it. Sometimes I thought I'd drown in their stupidity.
ANTON: (laughs) Yes. Yes, we knew you'd understand. Haven't you always felt that you were different?
TURLOUGH: Superior. I always knew that. What's in this drink?
JORGE: More?
TURLOUGH: It's good. And the Doctor doesn't have to know, does he? (imitates) Turlough, are you sure that's wise? (laughs) I suppose he means well.
ANTON: But you've always felt alone, that you didn't belong.
TURLOUGH: More than that. I'm special. I never, ever got the respect I deserved. What about all that stuff with howling and the full moon?
JORGE: Just another half-truth overblown by Hollywood.
TURLOUGH: Yes?
JORGE: Oh yes.
ANTON: But Turlough, you have another side that no one else has recognised. Look in the mirror. See for yourself.
TURLOUGH: What? Oh, I look a wreck.
ANTON: Keep looking. Look hard.
TURLOUGH: Better than a dull-witted human, though. You know what? Wits are like claws. You have to keep them sharp.
ANTON: Look *through* yourself. Look at the real Turlough behind you. What do you want to see?
TURLOUGH: No. No, not cut-claws. Cut throats. (laughs)
ANTON: Look harder.
TURLOUGH: The old ones are the best.
JORGE: What do you want to see?
ANTON: What *don't* you want to see?
JORGE: What doesn't he want us to see?
ANTON: Keep looking.
TURLOUGH: No. What is it?
ANTON: (laughs) You tell us, Turlough.
TURLOUGH: (scared) It's behind me. Make it go away. Take it away!
ANTON: Odd, isn't it? We're all of us surprised the first time we see the truth.

HAYASHI: Five million, Mister Stubbe. You said I should name my price.
PIETER [OC]: Five million what? This is money that you're talking about, Hayashi.
HAYASHI: Yes. You said once I'd finished
PIETER [OC]: I swallowed a tax gatherer once. Joshua of Darmstadt. Swallowed him whole. Never again. I was spitting coins for days afterwards. (laughs) And you want money.
ILEANA [OC]: This is his compartment, Doctor.
HAYASHI: (sotto) They're coming. I'll call you back. (click) Senhora. Is there any sign of your son?
ILEANA: No trace or trail.
DOCTOR: And now my companion has disappeared as well. I don't suppose he wandered this way?
HAYASHI: I've seen no one. So sorry.

ILEANA: Who were you speaking to?
HAYASHI: Speaking?
DOCTOR: On the vid-link, when we came in.
HAYASHI: Oh, that. The University. To my faculty. I was trying to explain about Juro.
ILEANA: I told you to speak to no one while you were in my service.
HAYASHI: My apologies. It was a bad link with a lot of interference.
ILEANA: Hayashi, when my son is found, I want you to share your diagnoses with the Doctor here. I'm sure he can be of assistance to you.
DOCTOR: Just think of me as a complete novice.
HAYASHI: I'm sure not. I bow to your obvious superior experience, Doctor-san.
DOCTOR: And I to yours, Hayashi-san. Perhaps we could start by checking the damage to your equipment?
ILEANA: (sotto) Don't move, either of you.
HAYASHI: (sotto) What's that?
ILEANA: (sotto) Don't move. Outside the window, hanging down.
(A soft growl.)
DOCTOR: Your son, I take it?
HAYASHI: He's on the roof. He'll be swept off.
ILEANA: Victor. Victor, listen to me.
DOCTOR: He's fully transformed. A complete lycanthropic metamorphosis.
ILEANA: Victor, please come in. It's safe. They won't hurt you, I won't let them. Victor, please.
DOCTOR: Stay here, Hayashi.
HAYASHI: What are you doing? He's *my* patient.
ILEANA: He's slipping! Victor, hold on!
DOCTOR: Hold my coat. I'm going out after him.
HAYASHI: You're mad! Senhora, stop this maniac.
ILEANA: Don't move, either of you. You'll frighten him.
(Breaking glass. Loud growls. A man's cry.)

TURLOUGH: (frightened) Oh, stop it staring. Make it go away.
(Door slides open.)
INEZ: What's happening?
(Door slides closed.)
INEZ: Lichtfuss, what are you doing now?
ANTON: Just enlightening our young guest, Inez. Don't say you didn't notice Turlough's potential.
INEZ: You're supposed to be looking for Victor.
ANTON: Victor can't get far, and this could help.
INEZ: What will help?
TURLOUGH: Oh, it's there, behind me. Make it stop staring at me.
INEZ: What are you doing to him?
ANTON: Just getting another gift for the Senhora.
JORGE: Turlough? We didn't *force* you to look in the mirror, did we?
TURLOUGH: Please, make it stop.
INEZ: Not the mirror trick. It's all a game, isn't it. Haven't you learned yet? An awakening should be a precious, sacred moment, not something for your amusement.
JORGE: Once he started, we could hardly stop him.
ANTON: Turlough, tell us what you can see.
TURLOUGH: It's there, behind me. A blood-red shadow. Is it my shadow? It has burning golden eyes. Grr.
INEZ: Are you both mad? He'll be scarred for life. Centuries of misery. Stop it now!
ANTON: Don't touch him.
INEZ: Idiots. I'm going to fetch the Senhora.
TURLOUGH: No! Stop it. Help me. It's trying to push in front. (runs) Help me, Doctor!
(Anton laughs.)
INEZ: Idiots! Stop him! Get him back!

(Growling.)
ILEANA: Victor, liebchen. No need to be afraid. Look, no one's going to hurt you. It's all right, little one. It's all right. Come to me.

HAYASHI: (sotto) If she calms him, I may be able to reach my tranquilliser gun.
(Growls.)
ILEANA: Victor.
DOCTOR: Bad idea, Hayashi. Senhora, do you want us to leave?
HAYASHI: You can't leave her alone with him.
DOCTOR: She's his mother. Who better?
ILEANA: Yes, yes, please back off slowly. Look, Victor liebchen, we're nearly home. No more train. No more upset. That's right. There we are. That's it. Oh, my dear one, come and nuzzle. That's it. Good. There we are. There we are.
(Door slides open.)
TURLOUGH: Doctor, help me!
(Victor snarls.)
DOCTOR: Turlough!
TURLOUGH: Ah! That's it! It's here! It's waiting for me. Get it away from me!
(Gun shot.)
ILEANA: Victor!
HAYASHI: First shot.
DOCTOR: Turlough, get away from the window!
TURLOUGH: It's coming after me!
DOCTOR: What's coming after you?
TURLOUGH: My shadow! And you can't stop it, either. I have to get away! Argh!
DOCTOR: Turlough! Ileana, stop the train now.
ILEANA: My son has been shot!
DOCTOR: Turlough has fallen from the window! Stop the train, please!
ILEANA: I don't care! My son is dying.
HAYASHI: Senhora, it was a tranquilliser shot.
ILEANA: Murderer. (snarls)
HAYASHI: No, it was a tranquilliser, just to calm him. Please, Senhora, control yourself.
ILEANA: A murderer in control. I'll drive you off this train.
DOCTOR: Ileana, listen. Your son is perfectly safe.
HAYASHI: She's changing! Keep her away from me!
DOCTOR: Ileana!
HAYASHI: No! She'll kill us all!

[Part Three]

DOCTOR: Ileana, remember who you are. Don't give in to your baser instincts. I'm asking you to stop this train now. Ileana, stop the train for Victor's sake.
ILEANA: (calmer) Don't ever give me orders.
DOCTOR: Stop the train, please.
ILEANA: I will not.
DOCTOR: Then I'll do it myself.
ILEANA: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Yes?
ILEANA: The train's already slowing. We're almost at our destination.
DOCTOR: Then I have to find Turlough. He may be badly hurt. Hayashi, are you all right?
HAYASHI: Yes, yes. Just an occupational hazard.
DOCTOR: Good man.
ILEANA: Doctor, I need you. For Victor.
DOCTOR: I'm sure Hayashi can cope. Like tomato sauce, money also covers a multitude of sins.
ILEANA: Please, Doctor. Others are coming to meet us.
DOCTOR: Others like you?
ILEANA: It's for your own safety. You'll find I pay very well.
DOCTOR: Discussing money is very vulgar, don't you think? Just the sort of thing that humans do. Besides, my fees are non-negotiable. I want Turlough safely back.
ILEANA: We'll find him. Doctor. I promise. Just, please, stay.

DOCTOR: Hayashi, shouldn't we be attending to the Senhora's son?
ILEANA: Thank you, Doctor.

(Whistle.)
ROSA: 'Dillo. 'Dillo, 'dillo. Hey, come on out. Out you come.
(Running feet, slicing sound.)
TURLOUGH: Help! Help me!
ROSA: (laughs) Jeez, that trap ain't meant for nothing bigger than a 'dillo.
TURLOUGH: Would you get me out of this thing?
ROSA: Someone chasing you?
TURLOUGH: You could say that. Please, just get this thing off me.
ROSA: What are you doing out here? No one comes out here. Are you a yerp?
TURLOUGH: What?
ROSA: A Euro. East, west, Indy-Brit?
TURLOUGH: Adopted British, I suppose.
ROSA: Figures. Okay, you're no lobo. Hold still.
TURLOUGH: What are you doing?
ROSA: Cuttin' you free.
(Creak, thud.)
ROSA: There.
TURLOUGH: (sighs) Oh, thanks.
ROSA: It's an okay blade. One day it'll cut better things than rope. So how'd you get here?
TURLOUGH: It doesn't matter.
ROSA: Okay. You'd better cover your tracks before you move on.
TURLOUGH: Move on? Would you take me to the nearest settlement?
ROSA: I ain't no taxi rank. It's ten miles that way to the Mission House, so get going, yerpi boy. I gotta wait here. Got a hot date with a hungry wolf.
TURLOUGH: A wolf? Out here, by yourself?
ROSA: Get your own fight. This one's mine.
TURLOUGH: A kid like you? Who the hell do you think you are?
ROSA: I'm Rosa Caiman. Who the hell are you?

(Door slides open.)
ILEANA: Anton, where've you been?
ANTON: You nearly lost control, Ileana.
ILEANA: Ah. You were listening?
ANTON: Mind your cut-claw guests don't get to see the real Ileana de Santos. They frighten easily.
ILEANA: They already know. And you could have helped, instead of skulking outside the door.
ANTON: It's up to the leader to fight her own battles.
ILEANA: That depends on who starts them. At least I wasn't frightening Turlough into throwing himself off the train.
ANTON: Just the old mirror trick, making him face up to his own dark side. He didn't like what he saw.
ILEANA: We're nearly at the old cattle station. You must help unload the trucks. Tino will be there to escort us to the ranch.
ANTON: Where we meet all the others that you've summoned.
ILEANA: Yes. Some of the oldest and wildest of our kind, all united at last.
ANTON: And how will they react to your new acquaintance, the Doctor?
ILEANA: We have to prepare the convoy and move Victor. And Turlough has to be found.
ANTON: What does this Doctor mean to you?
ILEANA: Ah, so *that's* it. Just leave the Doctor alone. He's no threat to you.
ANTON: He reeks of death.
ILEANA: So do you, Anton.
ANTON: And that excites you?
ILEANA: I'm sick of it. The Doctor is strange. A maverick. I tried to look into his mind, but he shook off my thoughts like raindrops.
ANTON: You're mad, entrusting your precious son to this stranger.
ILEANA: The Doctor understands and respects us, whatever he is.

ANTON: Then we'll see what the others say when they hear about him. Don't forget, common werewolves learn to bite before they can talk.

HAYASHI: We're definitely slowing down.
DOCTOR: But still getting further away from Turlough.
HAYASHI: Help me move the scanning unit into its crate.
DOCTOR: Right.
HAYASHI: Toward me.
DOCTOR: Yes.
HAYASHI: They will find your companion, you know.
DOCTOR: Oh, I don't doubt it. It's his condition that worries me.
HAYASHI: Thank you, Doctor.
DOCTOR: That's all right. Turlough was terrified before he jumped. I think the Senhora's friends were having a game with him.
HAYASHI: If you interpret viciousness as play. Time to move Victor, I think.
DOCTOR: They seem to see humans as some sort of toy.
HAYASHI: Truer than you may think.
DOCTOR: Hayashi, what are you working on?
HAYASHI: The Senhora approached me to find a cure for her son.
DOCTOR: Because he's stuck in the form of a wolf and can't change back, even when the moon's not full.
HAYASHI: The moon has nothing to do with it.
DOCTOR: You've made an extensive study, of course. Hayashi, I'm not going to steal your thunder.
HAYASHI: Do you think I could throw away the change to work on a live werewolf? Look at this poor brute. He's a creature of legend, a fabulous monster unknown to science.
DOCTOR: Only because his kind are so adept at going unnoticed. This ability to wipe the selective awareness of humans is very clever. They're as good as invisible.
HAYASHI: But *you* see them.
DOCTOR: Nobody's perfect. His pulse is very sluggish. What sort of medication are you giving him?
HAYASHI: Please! Er, please, don't touch that.
DOCTOR: Just looking. What is it? Some sort of motor neurone repressor?
HAYASHI: I should have used more, then Juro might still be alive.
(Train brakes squeal.)
DOCTOR: I think we're finally arriving.
HAYASHI: We'd better get this creature moved.
DOCTOR: Does Ileana know that your mapping out her son's genomic sequence?
HAYASHI: I guessed we'd come to that.
DOCTOR: As you say, I'm very observant.
HAYASHI: It's a purely scientific grounding for Victor's treatment.
DOCTOR: And another mystery bites the desert dust. It makes life a little flat, don't you think?
HAYASHI: But if I can isolate the gene that is responsible for his lycanthropic tendencies
DOCTOR: Then you might be able to cure him completely.
HAYASHI: Yes.
DOCTOR: And there need never be another werewolf again.
HAYASHI: Exactly. We can rid the world of these monstrous genetic freaks.
DOCTOR: I don't think Ileana or her kind will thank you for that.
HAYASHI: Remember your companion, Doctor. If you cross me, I'll make sure you never see him again.

(Big door opens. Footsteps.)
ILEANA: No one here. Where's Tino? I told him to meet us.
INEZ: He must have been delayed, Senhora, with the others.
(Phone dials.)
ILEANA: We'll see.
(Phone rings.)
ILEANA: Where is he?
INEZ: (deep breath) Nothing in the air but the moon.
ILEANA: No answer.

INEZ: So he must be on his way.
ILEANA: It's all too quiet. No cicadas. Tell Jorge to unload the trucks. It'll take time to get the equipment packed.
INEZ: Yes, Senhora.
(Wolf howls.)
ILEANA: Inez, do you hear?
INEZ: Who is it?
ILEANA: I don't know. Get Jorge now. Hurry!
INEZ: Yes, Senhora.
ILEANA: No, not you, Pieter Stubbe. You won't have my son. (howls)

ROSA: Hold still, yerpi boy.
TURLOUGH: What is that stuff?
ROSA: Arucu juice. Keeps the flies off.
TURLOUGH: Ouch. It stings.
ROSA: Bet you started out from the city. Ain't Europe one big city? Grandpa said that. That what you're runnin' from?
TURLOUGH: Er, I don't know any more. I fell off the train, landed in a load of brushwood.
ROSA: The train? Jesus. Two nights I was waiting for the goddamn train.
TURLOUGH: I don't think it would have stopped for you.
ROSA: That lobo king, he's what put me off. Jeez, he's really bad news. The train's bringing the future. Suppose he gets to the future first? Hey, are you the future?
TURLOUGH: No, no, I doubt it. It's your bad luck if I am. What are you doing out here? Don't you have a home to go to?
ROSA: Yeah, I got a home, but I don't go there.
TURLOUGH: Why? They throw you out or something?
ROSA: Throw me? No way. They all went. When the creek dried up they went too. The guys took their Caddys to the city to look for credit. Just me and Grandpa stayed.
TURLOUGH: But you've left him too.
ROSA: Yeah, under a stack of rocks. Too old and too many cigs. His chest kinda caved in.
TURLOUGH: I'm sorry.
ROSA: Yeah.
TURLOUGH: So now it's only you.
ROSA: I gotta prove myself. I'm still a kid, that's what Grandpa says. Okay, so I got to do a lot before I'm head man.
TURLOUGH: It's an initiation.
ROSA: Yeah, and I screwed up already
TURLOUGH: How about rescuing a helpless Yerp who's lost in the desert?

ILEANA: Further over. Further.
DOCTOR: Edge the gurney in towards me, Hayashi.
ILEANA: No, too far.
HAYASHI: Back a little. Mind the side of the car.
(Bang.)
ILEANA: Be careful, it's tilting.
DOCTOR: It's all right.
ILEANA: Please, be careful with my son.
DOCTOR: Ileana, he's quite safe. There. Safely stowed. That should be everything.
HAYASHI: Senhora, I cannot work with this continual interference.
ILEANA: What is that supposed to mean?
DOCTOR: Ileana, perhaps you could stay here with Victor. Hayashi and I have to check the equipment in the other car.
HAYASHI: But we've already checked it.
DOCTOR: Come along, Doctor, we can't be too careful.
ILEANA: Then hurry. We can't wait here.
DOCTOR: Won't be long.
HAYASHI: What do you mean, too careful?
DOCTOR: The Senora's bite is far worse than her bark. I don't want her to lose her head or you yours, for that matter.
HAYASHI: I see. Well, a word of advice in return, Doctor. The male wolf is a very competitive

brute. If it senses a rival, its challenge can be ferocious.
DOCTOR: I can't imagine what you mean.
HAYASHI: Victor's due for his medication. Please excuse me.
DOCTOR: And your treatment of Victor is something else I want to talk to you about. Unfortunately, while our friends are busy loading up, I have a more pressing task.
HAYASHI: What are you doing?
DOCTOR: Someone has to go and find Turlough. Tell Ileana I'll be back. Cheerio.
(Starts to drive off in a hover car. Thump.)
DOCTOR: Lichtfuss.
ANTON: Doctor, where are you going?
DOCTOR: Let go of the car, Lichtfuss.
ANTON: You're not going anywhere.
DOCTOR: I'm going to find Turlough.
(Anton's voice deepens and roughens.)
ANTON: You're staying here.
ILEANA: What's happening, Doctor?
ANTON: Your pet's escaping.
ILEANA: Doctor, stop the car. Stop it now!
(Drive stops. Car door slams.)
DOCTOR: I apologise, Senhora, but Turlough has to be found.
ANTON: (normal voice) Why? He's no milksop puppy. He has claws of his own.
ILEANA: Anton, the Doctor's right. I promised him. You go and find Turlough now.
ANTON: I will not.
ILEANA: (growls) I am still your leader. Go and find Turlough! And don't hurt him.
DOCTOR: Thank you, Senhora.
ANTON: What are you to her, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I'm here to help, that's all.
ANTON: Ileana, what is he to you?
ILEANA: He's a doctor. Now take the third truck and find Turlough. I'd consider it a great favour, Anton.
ANTON: I don't need to use cut-claw machines.
(Runs off.)
DOCTOR: Was that wise, Senhora? I want Turlough back in one piece.
ILEANA: Herr Lichtfuss will do as he's told. When he wants something that desperately he just can't resist.
DOCTOR: I hope you're right.
ILEANA: Hayashi?
HAYASHI: Yes, Senhora.
ILEANA: You travel with your machines in the hover-truck. Jorge will drive.
HAYASHI: Senhora, I accompany your son. I have to administer his medication.
ILEANA: No, the Doctor travels with me.
HAYASHI: Ah. I see.
ILEANA: Give me the correct dosage. We'll make sure Victor gets it.
DOCTOR: Senhora, I think it would be better
ILEANA: You travel with me, Doctor, where I can keep an eye on you.

(Running and panting.)
ANTON: Running errands. Why me, while he stays? Find the goat-meat stinking boy. Why is the Doctor staying? Ah, because he can't run. Not like me. She sent me. As a favour to her, she said. No one better. So, what happens while I'm out of the way? She wouldn't. She wouldn't dare. I'll show her favours. (stops running) Who's there? (sniffs) Who is it?
(Deep growls around him. Anton laughs.)
ANTON: Well, good evening to you, brothers. It's a fine moonlit night to go prowling.

ROSA: Down here, yerpi boy.
TURLOUGH: I thought we were moving on.
ROSA: No point till the moon's down and the sun's up. Safer that way.
TURLOUGH: Rosa, this wolf you're supposed to be meeting.
ROSA: Told you, he's my fight.
TURLOUGH: What sort of wolf? Grey, brown, big, giant? On four feet or two? I mean, would

you know him if you saw him?
ROSA: He ain't you, if that's what you think.
TURLOUGH: How would you know?
ROSA: 'Cos he's so big he could bite the moon.
(Turns on music.)
ROSA: Grandpa says I sound like the sat-vid. You seen Jaguar Maiden? Save the forest, battle the dark. 'Cos that's me.
TURLOUGH: I never watch TV. I'll take Grandpa's word for it. Just turn it off.
(Music stops.)
ROSA: It's old stuff, but I ain't no rerun. Franchised to you by the makers of Santos Spurs. That big old wolf, he was really mad about the forest.
TURLOUGH: Why? What did he say?
ROSA: See? Knew you'd seen him too. Is that what you're running from?
TURLOUGH: I don't think I'll ever stop running.
ROSA: Yeah?
TURLOUGH: I saw him at the Carnival. He had a huge red mouth. What did he say? Why was he so mad?
ROSA: 'Cos he didn't know. He thought the forest was all gone.
TURLOUGH: But it has. It's just dust. There's nothing left.
ROSA: That's what you think, yerpi boy.
TURLOUGH: So where is it, then?
ROSA: I got it.
TURLOUGH: What?
ROSA: No kidding. Grandpa told me.
TURLOUGH: Oh well, he'd know, wouldn't he.
ROSA: Too right. He was wise man of our tribe. Last one left before they cut down the trees and the river choked. But the spirits stayed with him, and now they're with me. And I can't get to sleep 'cos they're in my head doing wild, crazy dances. All the trees and birds and the animals, shaking the ground. Yadda, yadda, yadda.
TURLOUGH: Oh, yeah, right.
ROSA: Right now all dancing, yadda, they yadda. You are cold?
TURLOUGH: That's what they tell me. Cold right to the heart.
ROSA: You got pale eyes, yerpi.
TURLOUGH: My name's Turlough.
ROSA: Thought your eyes were ice first off. But it's more like the moon inside your head peeking out at me.
TURLOUGH: All the better to see you with.
ROSA: Grandpa gave me this. It's a jaguar pelt. Only the head man gets to wear it.
TURLOUGH: And now you're the head?
ROSA: Maybe one day, when I prove who I am. Maybe I'll get a wolf pelt instead.
TURLOUGH: Don't be silly. This is better.
ROSA: Grandpa says the first ones wrapped themselves in it, back under the first moon, when the world was the unripe seed before it grew into the forest.
TURLOUGH: It's warm, almost as if it were alive.
ROSA: That's right. So, if you're cold, Turlough, yerpi boy, you'd better come under here right now.

DOCTOR: It'll be light soon, Ileana. How much further?
ILEANA: Twenty kilometres to the ranch, But the desert's swallowed the road. It may take Inez longer. Shouldn't you have given Victor his medication by now?
DOCTOR: He's still asleep. I think we should wait a bit.
ILEANA: But Hayashi said the dosage should be increased.
DOCTOR: Yes, I know he did, but I think we can afford to be a little less zealous. We don't want Victor so reliant on drugs he can't cope without.
ILEANA: Why are we going so slowly? Inez, get a move on!
DOCTOR: This truck's airworthy isn't it? So why are we hugging the ground?
ILEANA: We can't fly, Doctor. Don't you know that? We're earthbound creatures. Our elements are earth and water. We need to be in touch with the soil and rock, the Earth's old bones.
DOCTOR: So that's why you drove straight through the Carnival crowds in Rio.
ILEANA: Even a first floor apartment makes me queasy. And as for aircraft.

DOCTOR: I am fire and air. My other elements I give to baser life. Sorry, it's just a quote. Cleopatra in her tomb.
ILEANA: The Queen of ancient Egypt?
DOCTOR: Poetic licence, really. In real life she had all the subtle wit of a carpet beater.
ILEANA: I take it that observation's not from personal experience.
DOCTOR: It's certainly more than just hearsay.
ILEANA: Exactly how old are you, Doctor?
DOCTOR: That's a question I usually ignore.
ILEANA: But?
DOCTOR: They say I'm a lot younger than I used to be.
ILEANA: You mean you're a lot older than you look.
DOCTOR: Now you're being unnecessarily personal.
ILEANA: Of course I am. How old are you really? And how do you travel? How did you get on board the train?
DOCTOR: Guess.
ILEANA: My dearest Doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes, definitely soon be light and still no sight of your friend Stubbe.
ILEANA: Oh, he'll find us, Doctor. He's always hunting. He's always angry and hungry. Pieter Stubbe is centuries old and he has a hundred appetites.
DOCTOR: Sounds like a bad case of worms to me. I knew I should have gone for Turlough.
ILEANA: And I have a pack of lone wolves to face. The only way to make a stand against Pieter is to work together. Inez! Get a move on! It'll be new moon before we get there.

ROSA: Grandpa? The sky's all on fire way beyond the dead river. It's like the sun's coming up on the wrong side of the morning. Reckon something's burning. Maybe the Mission? Hey, Gramps, I got a boyfriend too. Okay, so he's a yerpi and he ain't seen TV, but he knows about forests and the loups-garoux.
TURLOUGH: Do you tell all your secrets to your wristwatch?
ROSA: It's a pers-com. Get your own. How long you been awake?
TURLOUGH: I was watching the moon.
ROSA: Want a Cola?
TURLOUGH: Not really.
ROSA: Your loss, yerpi boy.
TURLOUGH: I was thinking about the forests where I come from.
ROSA: Okay, okay, you still got forests. I heard that.
TURLOUGH: No, not the sort of forests you're thinking of. Where I come from, the forests are three times as tall.
ROSA: Yeah?
TURLOUGH: The leaves are all thick fleshy plates, and you can walk on them in spirals right up to the top of the canopy. All mauves and purples with blood-red trunks. And after winter, when the suns first get warm, there are swarms of moths. They've got wings like cut sapphires, and they blot out the white sky like glittering blue smoke.
ROSA: Yeah, right. In your head.
TURLOUGH: Maybe it is. Maybe I just imagined I can't get back there. But it's a lot better than anything I've seen in your real world.
ROSA: See? We've both got a head full of forest. So I got to thinking maybe *you* are the future I was waiting for.
TURLOUGH: Don't count on it.
ROSA: We're in this together.
TURLOUGH: No, no, Rosa. I don't want you to trust me.
ROSA: You tellin' me what to do?
TURLOUGH: Just don't. Look, I can't say.
ROSA: Why not?
TURLOUGH: Because. Because I've got this dark side. It always comes out and hurts others.
ROSA: So?
TURLOUGH: I don't want you hurt, Rosa. I'm not reliable, I don't trust myself. Given the choice, I always prefer the dark where no one can see me. And they don't know who or what I really am.
ROSA: You're a yerpi boy.
TURLOUGH: No, that's just what you're meant to think.

ROSA: Listen.
TURLOUGH: It's gone too quiet.
(Wolf howl.)
TURLOUGH: There's something out there, in the shadows.
ROSA: No, don't run.
TURLOUGH: Let go of me. You don't understand. I've seen it. It's my dark side.
ROSA: Turlough.
TURLOUGH: It was howling after my blood and now it's coming after me. We can't fight it. We have to get away.
ROSA: Shut it, yerpi boy. There's more than one out there. Maybe a whole pack. But no loups-garoux going to get to you without getting past me first.

ILEANA: It's all right, Victor. Don't fret. We'll soon be home. What about your favourite story, the one with the old wolf-woman in the forest, and one day an old, old wolf with icicles in his fur came to her. His name was Winter, and he begged her to hide him, for a young wolf called Spring was driving him out of the wood. So she took him in to her den and hid him away. All year long her den was cold as ice, and snow piled up on the inside of her door, but she put on her coat and kept him safe. Just like I keep you safe, dearest Victor.
VICTOR: Mother.
ILEANA: Oh, that's right, Victor. Mother's here. Now sleep, just sleep. It's working, Doctor. I knew it would. I knew Hayashi's medication would work.
DOCTOR: I'm glad he's getting better, but I doubt it's the drugs that are improving his condition.
ILEANA: What do you mean?
DOCTOR: More likely it's the lack of them.
(Rumble.)
ILEANA: What is it? Inez!
DOCTOR: An explosion. Must be several miles ahead.
ILEANA: The ranch!

TURLOUGH: Tall, aren't they?
ROSA: Never seen so many. See any that look like you, Turlough? Course not. No red-headed wolves here. I'll kill you mutts, I'm ready for you.
TURLOUGH: Don't provoke them.
ROSA: They're waitin'. Come on, lobos, we're waitin' too.
(Growls.)
TURLOUGH: Look, if we could start a fire?
ROSA: No time. Got my knife. Grab yourself a branch.
TURLOUGH: A branch'll never hold off so many. Someone once told me that to stop the wolves you throw the baby out of the sledge.
ROSA: You got a Grandpa too?
TURLOUGH: Sometimes you'd think so, but I meant to distract them.
ROSA: Okay, you're a head man.
TURLOUGH: Right, get up close to the bushes, then they've only got one line of attack. What are you doing?
ROSA: It's my second skin.
TURLOUGH: The jaguar pelt?
ROSA: Wolf takes a man, but jaguar takes a wolf. It's mine to wear. Spirit of the forest, and the forest's in me.
TURLOUGH: They don't like that.
ROSA: And I got a claw of silver.
TURLOUGH: Rosa, don't be a stupid kid.
ROSA: Ancient spirits, rise in me, be in me. Ancient spirits, rise in me, be in me.
TURLOUGH: Rosa, stop it! Stay here!
ROSA: Be in me. Get off me! Forest spirits, rise in me, be in me. Save the forest.
TURLOUGH: Rosa!
(Slashing of knife.)
ROSA: Battle the dark. Okay, lobos, which one of you's next for the Jaguar Maiden? Turlough!
TURLOUGH: Argh! Get it off me. Get away from me.
ROSA: I got it.

(Wolf howls.)
ROSA: Silver bites, lobo. Stay clear.
TURLOUGH: The big white one, look out! Rosa!
(Growls.)
TURLOUGH: Get off her! Get off!
(Wolf howls.)
ROSA: Got it!
TURLOUGH: It's a man. It was human. Oh God, I hate this planet.
ROSA: Is it dead?
TURLOUGH: Think so. The rest have pulled back again. You're bleeding.
ROSA: They're no pack of werewolves.
TURLOUGH: Gently.
ROSA: A pack would attack together. Oh, my shoulder.
(A wolf howls.)
TURLOUGH: What's that? They're pulling right back. They're going, just like before.
ROSA: It's him. It's the lobo king.
PIETER [OC]: Don't stray, because I'll be waiting one night round the next corner, and I'll still be hungry.
TURLOUGH: No, that's what he said to me. He's coming for *me*, not you.
ROSA: Turlough.
TURLOUGH: I'll get him away, Rosa. It's me he wants. You try to hide, I'll get him away.
ROSA: Turlough, come back! Where's my knife? (coughs) You took my knife.
(Wolf growls, man cries out.)
ROSA: Turlough! Turlough, it's my fight. My goddamn fight.
(Growls close up, Rosa gasps.)

(Fire crackling. Hover-truck stops. Door opens and closes.)
ILEANA: It's gone. The whole ranch, just blown away.
DOCTOR: Don't to too close.
INEZ: Senhora.
ILEANA: Frederico built it for us, for Victor and me.
INEZ: Senhora.
ILEANA: Let me be!
DOCTOR: Inez, what about the others?
INEZ: They should have been here. Tino and twenty more waiting for the Senhora.
DOCTOR: We must search for any survivors. Perhaps you and Jorge. Ileana, I'm sorry.
ILEANA: He did this.
DOCTOR: Pieter Stubbe?
ILEANA: The shadow, as you say, Doctor, got here before us.
DOCTOR: Does he really hate you so much?
ILEANA: He's Pieter Stubbe. He revels in hatred. It's what he is.
(Another hover-truck arrives.)
ILEANA: He never changes.
HAYASHI: Senhora, what's happened?
ILEANA: Did you know this, Hayashi? Have you spoken to Pieter Stubbe?
HAYASHI: To who? I don't know what you mean.
DOCTOR: Ileana.
ILEANA: How did he know where we were going? How did he know my vid-link code?
HAYASHI: I'm here to cure your son.
INEZ: Senhora.
ILEANA: Liar! I'll tear your throat out!
DOCTOR: Ileana, look.
ILEANA: What?
(Growls.)
INEZ: They're all here. All of them.
HAYASHI: They're all monsters.
DOCTOR: They're all wolves. Stay by me, Hayashi. Whatever you do, don't move suddenly.
ILEANA: Sisters and brothers, I feared that this disaster had overtaken us, but you have answered my summons. Thank you all. We have much to speak of. What is it? What's the matter? Anton, is that you skulking there? Why are you back so soon?

DOCTOR: Is this Herr Lichtfuss?
HAYASHI: In his true shape.
INEZ: The fool. What's he carrying?
DOCTOR: It's not Turlough.
ILEANA: Anton, is this, is this for me?
ROSA: Grandpa? (groans)
ANTON: A token of my devotion.
ILEANA: What is it? I didn't send you out for this.
ANTON: For all to see, I bring this gift to you to do with as you will.
ILEANA: She's just a cut-claw child.
ANTON: She fights like a forest cat. She killed Mister Talbot with a silver blade before I overpowered her. She's your, Ileana. She should be driven and hunted, as should all cut-claws.
ILEANA: What nonsense! I sent you to find Turlough. Where is he?
ANTON: You'll not see that little skunk again.
DOCTOR: Why? What's happened to him?
ANTON: Ah. This is him, brothers and sisters. This is the latest cut-claw that she grants her favours too.
(Growls of disapproval.)
DOCTOR: Where's Turlough, Lichtfuss.
ANTON: Gone. Swallowed down. Barely a mouthful, I'd say.
ILEANA: Who swallowed him? Why are you all in wolves' shape? Why this blood lust? Who have you been talking to?
DOCTOR: Turlough's my friend. Who's responsible?
ILEANA: The Doctor is to be trusted. He helped save my son.
HAYASHI: Saved him? What have you done, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Go away, Hayashi.
HAYASHI: Now you see what it is like to lose an assistant. And Victor is *my* work.
DOCTOR: Hayashi, to you he's just a laboratory rat.
ANTON: So, this Doctor saved your son. Is he wolf, born and blooded? Is he stronger than me? If I challenge him, will he face me tooth and claw? Will you, Doctor? Well?
ILEANA: Well, Doctor?
DOCTOR: You're wasting your time, Lichtfuss. There are greater threats to your people.
ANTON: He is too weak to face me. Ileana, by our laws and with no other challenge, I claim you as my mate.
ILEANA: I belong to no one, Lichtfuss!
PIETER: Ileana.
DOCTOR: Inez, is this him? The shadow you've been running from?
INEZ: It's the Grey One, a legend amongst us. Oldest and most fierce of our kind.
DOCTOR: Indeed. Pieter Stubbe. I didn't realise how tall he'd be.
ILEANA: Pieter.
PIETER: Your name day is long past, Ileana, but I brought you a present anyway.
(Retches and splat, Turlough coughs.)
DOCTOR: Turlough.
INEZ: Stay here. Don't move.
ILEANA: I don't want your presents, Pieter. What have you done to my home?
PIETER: Don't take him then. He stuck in my throat too long. I've never tasted worse.
DOCTOR: Turlough, it's me. Try to breathe slowly.
TURLOUGH: Doctor.
PIETER: What's this?
ILEANA: Doctor, go back.
PIETER: Ah, I was told I had a rival.
DOCTOR: Mister Stubbe, what big eyes you have.
PIETER: They see nothing in you, that's plain.
DOCTOR: How very kind. You also have the digestive system of a power shovel.
PIETER: Ileana, this one stinks of sanctimony, like those Capuchin friars we devoured our pilgrimage to Rome.
ILEANA: That was not with me.
PIETER: (laughing) Oh, perhaps not.
ILEANA: The Doctor has my protection. By our laws, he's in my keeping.

PIETER: We'll see. Well, quite a crowd. I thought they should come to see us off.
ILEANA: I'm not going anywhere.
PIETER: Oh yes, you are. You'll come back with me. I soon would have stopped your cut-claw pretensions.
ANTON: Stubbe! Stand away from her. She's mine.
PIETER: Ileana, another rival. How you must have missed me. You change lovers as a whore changes petticoats.
ILEANA: Anton, go back.
ANTON: You're old, Stubbe. Your legendary days are past. Get back to the Old World where you belong.
PIETER: Come closer and say that. My ears are not what they were.
ILEANA: Anton!
ANTON: I said, old wolf, that it's time to let young blood have its head.
(Roar!)
ILEANA: Anton.
DOCTOR: Turlough, up you come. Lean on me. I've got you. It's not far. Come on.

(Opens door.)
DOCTOR: In here, Turlough. Just stay on the truck and stay out of sight.
TURLOUGH: What am I covered in? Oh, (coughs) my eyes sting.
DOCTOR: I have to get that unfortunate girl in the jaguar skin away from them.
TURLOUGH: Rosa.
DOCTOR: You know her?
TURLOUGH: I left her behind when they attacked us. Then *he* came for me. His mouth was opening redder and redder and I was drowning in this stinking
DOCTOR: Turlough, Turlough, I'm here. I'll get her away too.
TURLOUGH: Take this. It's her knife. She gave it to me.
DOCTOR: It's silver.
(Howling.)
TURLOUGH: What is it now?
DOCTOR: They're busy again. This has got to stop. Stay here and don't move.
TURLOUGH: No, Doctor. (door slams) Don't do anything stupid.

PIETER: Quiet, you rabble. I'm sick of your commentary. Quiet.
(The pack quietens.)
PIETER: You see? They know their king. Just the instinct to stay alive makes them cheer in all the right places.
ILEANA: You never could exert charm when terror would suffice. Poor stupid Anton.
PIETER: So much for your sting of peccadilloes. My strength of will remains implacable. Age and enforced abstinence only make it stronger, my long lost love. I'll cut out every rival.
HAYASHI: Senhora, please.
ILEANA: Go away, Hayashi.
HAYASHI: But the Doctor, he's taken Turlough.
DOCTOR: I'm right here, Ileana, and I'm taking the girl too.
ILEANA: Leave her, Doctor. She and the boy are mine. But in return for saving my son, I will release Turlough to you.
PIETER: That boy was my gift.
DOCTOR: Thank you, Ileana. Mister Stubbe, I think you've already met Doctor Hayashi.
HAYASHI: You can't touch me. I'm in the pay of the Senhora.
ILEANA: Pieter, has he spoken to you too?
PIETER: At tedious length.
DOCTOR: Has he? Doctor Hayashi likes to cover his options. He's sell his own grandmother if he was offered a good price.
PIETER: Grandmothers? Oh, I had my fill of grandmothers long ago.
DOCTOR: And what about his patent genetic cure for lycanthrope? Did he tell you about that?
PIETER: No, he did not.
ILEANA: What cure? Hayashi?
HAYASHI: Well, yes, it's true. I'll prove it. Your son, he's already recovering.
ILEANA: Only because the Doctor stopped your medication.
HAYASHI: But it's *my* breakthrough. I can end all your suffering forever. The Doctor is

deliberately hampering my research.
DOCTOR: Only hampering? I'd gladly wind it up for good. Ileana's people have their own age-old culture and laws, but your research, Hayashi, is nothing short of genocide. I'll fight it. I'll defend every right of the wolf people not to be cured.
ILEANA: And I'll support you, Doctor.
HAYASHI: Senhora, this man is a charlatan.
PIETER: (laughs) How you prattle. I've had fleas with more sense. I am the oldest of the first-born, spawned out of the slime after the Deluge. Time's byways are mine to prowl and hunt, and all other wolves are my progeny. Humans were raised as my cattle, a right I should have taken long ago, even for those who deny our heritage.
ILEANA: I won't come back to you, Pieter. I'm no longer your consort.
PIETER: Human affectations. I'll take you anyway.
ILEANA: You will not.
PIETER: How can you resist? You're mine, Ileana, and no one can change that.
DOCTOR: Pieter Stubbe.
PIETER: Huh?
ILEANA: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Stand away from her, Pieter Stubbe. She's no longer yours. Time's left you far behind and you've lost its scent. You're burnt out, so just give up and go back to the slime you crawled out of.
HAYASHI: Oh, Doctor, you're such a fool.
PIETER: Is this a challenge? (sniffs) What is this? He's no champion. He's like that foul-tasting boy. He's not even human.
DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor, and I'm offering Ileana my protection. I'm stronger and more worthy than any puny human or wolf.
(Deep growl.)
ILEANA: Doctor, before all of us, do you understand the law implicit in your challenge?
DOCTOR: If I don't make a stand, your endeavours, even your people, may be swept aside by this old and monstrous anachronism.
ILEANA: So be it. From now, Doctor, I take you as my champion.
DOCTOR: What? Now just a minute.
ILEANA: And if you prove worthy, and truly faithful, then I'll take you as my husband, and rejoice in it!
(The pack howls.)

[Part Four]

TURLOUGH: Oh, Doctor, what are you doing now? You don't stand a chance against that lot. Car keys. Must be some sort of ignition.
(Groan.)
TURLOUGH: Who's that?
VICTOR: Who are you? Where's my mother?
TURLOUGH: Victor, your mother's not here. Shouldn't you be resting?
VICTOR: I'm cold without my coat. Where is she?

PIETER: She's set you up, Doctor. I've never seen a bridegroom so reluctant.
DOCTOR: If it stops you, then yes, yes, I'll do it.
PIETER: You think you're stronger than me? Are you worthy, Doctor, truly worthy of her?
ILEANA: Don't fail me, Doctor. I trust you.
DOCTOR: Why, Mister Stubbe, what a big, wide, gaping, drooling red mouth you have.
PIETER: All the better to crunch and gollop you down, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Really? But you wouldn't, would you. I might be too spicy for your jaded palate. What an unadventurous, earthbound diet. You couldn't even stomach poor Turlough. And you've already had a heavy day's eating.
PIETER: Ileana, what can he give you that I can't raise a thousand-fold?
ILEANA: He gave me back my son.
PIETER: Oh yes, your son. How touching. It's plain I left you alone too long.
ILEANA: No, I left you.
PIETER: And now the cut-claws you love so much are run wild. They trampled our forest to

dust. But together we'll set it right. We'll herd the cut-claws like the cattle they are. I'll lay their cities at your feet. Let's see your worthy champion do that!
ILEANA: Having Victor back is enough.
VICTOR: Mother?
PIETER: Ah, the young cub himself.
ILEANA: Victor, what are you doing? Come here to me.
VICTOR: I'm cold, Mother. I miss my coat.
DOCTOR: Turlough, I told you to stay hidden.
TURLOUGH: I didn't exactly have a choice. What about Rosa?
DOCTOR: All in good time.
PIETER: Let's look at the boy, then. Is he blooded yet?
ILEANA: Leave him alone.
VICTOR: Mother, who's this?
ILEANA: All right, Victor.
PIETER: No matter. Doctor, join me. We have a common enemy.
DOCTOR: We have?
PIETER: That greedy leech Hayashi. Let's make sport with him.
DOCTOR: Ah, no, Pieter. I fear I must decline.
PIETER: Ah, come now. He's insulted our mistress. Where is he?
(The wolves growl.)
PIETER: Ah, there he is, hoping to slip away unnoticed. Hayashi!
HAYASHI: No! Leave me alone!
PIETER: Come here!
HAYASHI: I'm here. Please, I'm here.
TURLOUGH: He can't resist. They're just reeling him in.
DOCTOR: They did the same to you. Ileana, you can stop this.
ILEANA: That man nearly destroyed Victor.
VICTOR: Mother, I want to take him.
PIETER: What do you say, Doctor? How long a start shall we give him? An hour, half a day? Not too long, I think. The others here are eager for the kill.
HAYASHI: Please, Doctor. Make them stop. I've done nothing wrong.
DOCTOR: Hayashi, stay still. Don't give in to your instincts.
HAYASHI: I want to run.
DOCTOR: Ileana, you must stop this.
PIETER: Leave Ileana to me.
ILEANA: Hayashi betrayed my trust.
PIETER: She can't resist. None of them can. It's their nature. Yours too, Doctor, deep deep down. So join us.
DOCTOR: I will not! Ileana, remember everything you told me. Don't give in to the shadows.
ILEANA: Yes. Inez, where are you? Help me. Inez? No, don't join him. I trusted you. Jorge, where are you?
PIETER: (laughs) Your servants are long gone. I bring out the night in everything. Just do it. Unleash your heart's darkest desires.
ILEANA: True, I want it.
PIETER: Oh, my love. I'd forgotten your coat was so glossy.
DOCTOR: Don't listen, Turlough.
TURLOUGH: I'm not. I'm sticking with you.
PIETER: And you, Doctor. Tear off that pious mask and let's see the dark side of your nature.
TURLOUGH: Doctor? Don't, don't. Don't look at his eyes. Doctor!
PIETER: Doctor.
DOCTOR: It is an Ancient Mariner, and he stoppeth one of three. By thy long grey beard
PIETER: You're no challenge to me, Doctor. You can't resist for long. You'll soon follow.
DOCTOR: (struggling) Glittering, glittering eye, now wherefore stoppest thou me.
PIETER: Run, Hayashi. Run for your pitiful life!
HAYASHI: You're monsters, all of you! Monsters! Aaaaaaagh!
PIETER: Wait, wait. The humans love the chase as much as we do. (laughs then howls)

TURLOUGH: Doctor?
(Rosa groans.)
TURLOUGH: Rosa! Come on, we can't stay here.

DOCTOR: Hold off. Unhand me, grey-beard loon.
TURLOUGH: Doctor, I need your help.
(The Doctor growls.)
TURLOUGH: Doctor, it's Turlough. Listen, we must get back to the Tardis.
DOCTOR: The Tardis, yes. Like one that on a lonesome road doth walk in fear and dread because he knows a frightful fiend doth close behind him tread. To know one's enemy one must first know oneself. Not to worry, Turlough. Thank you. I'm back again.
TURLOUGH: I thought for a minute that you'd, I mean, that Stubbe
DOCTOR: I'm quite happy with my own coat, thank you. Surely you know me by now? Why, I'm no more aggressive than Alice's white rabbit.
TURLOUGH: And about as reliable a time-keeper.
DOCTOR: What?
TURLOUGH: As Tegan once said to me.
DOCTOR: Did she? How reassuring.
(The pack is howling.)
TURLOUGH: We can't stay here.
DOCTOR: I agree. Into the hover-truck. Give me a hand with your friend.
TURLOUGH: Come on, Rosa.
ROSA: (woosy) Who is it? Grandpa, is that you?
TURLOUGH: Shh, it's all right. You're safe now.
ROSA: Oh, Turlough, it's you. Good. That's okay. Er, I'd introduce you, but
(Hayashi screams in the distance as the wolves bay.)
DOCTOR: Hayashi. That settles it. Back to the Tardis.
TURLOUGH: They move fast. They'll soon catch us up.
DOCTOR: We'll see. Stubbe's more a runner than a high jumper. Altitude is the thorn in his Achilles paw, you might say.
TURLOUGH: Okay, she's inside.
DOCTOR: Right. Let's see if this truck really is airworthy. I don't want another bout with Stubbe. Not until I'm ready. Think wonderful thoughts, Turlough, and up we go.
(Hover-truck flies off.)

TURLOUGH: No sign of them down there. Where are they?
DOCTOR: Look left at ten o'clock. That cloud of dust.
TURLOUGH: Is that them? They're not heading back to the ranch at all. They move so fast.
DOCTOR: Stubbe obviously considers me less of a threat than I thought. Arrogant, really. Arrogant of him. They're heading for the cattle station and the train.
TURLOUGH: And the Tardis. Stubbe said he'd lay whole cities at Ileana's feet.
DOCTOR: His equivalent of a bunch of flowers, no doubt. The line heads towards Manaus. Odd, that. You'd think they'd cause more havoc in Brasilia.
TURLOUGH: But a pack of werewolves against a whole city? They can't be that powerful.
DOCTOR: You've seen how they control people. Even the most advanced civilisations are only an inch away from primal chaos. You can barely shine a moonbeam between the two. As for Stubbe, he's possibly the deadliest individual this planet has ever produced.
ROSA: Turlough, I want my knife back. Oh, Jesus, where's the ground?
DOCTOR: This truck is currently cruising at a height of one hundred and twenty feet. How do you do, I'm the Doctor. And you're Turlough's friend, Rosa.
TURLOUGH: Sit down, Rosa. How are you feeling?
ROSA: Air sick. Did you get me away from the lobos?
TURLOUGH: Well
DOCTOR: Not exactly. The wolves found something less wholesome to chase.
ROSA: Yeah? Grandpa said they always go for the weakest. So give me my knife now, yerpi boy.
TURLOUGH: Er
DOCTOR: It's here. Turlough only took it to try and protect you.
TURLOUGH: That is true.
ROSA: Yeah?
DOCTOR: I'm glad to hear it. The knife's chased silver, isn't it?
ROSA: Only thing that does for loups-garoux. They hate it.
TURLOUGH: Like silver bullets.
DOCTOR: The metal of the moon. It's an old charm. Lucky you had it, Turlough. Why else do

you think Stubbe couldn't swallow you.
TURLOUGH: Thanks, Doctor. There's the monorail! They're at the train already.
DOCTOR: Hold tight, I'm taking her down.
(The hover-truck rattles alarmingly.)
TURLOUGH: Steady.
DOCTOR: These things aren't built for manoeuvres. Now, if this was a Spitfire
TURLOUGH: You can't confront them, Doctor. You said yourself.
ROSA: The train's moving.
DOCTOR: Ah!
TURLOUGH: It's going backwards.
DOCTOR: Back to Rio. I should have known. There's no chance of stopping them.
TURLOUGH: The Tardis, Doctor.
ROSA: The who?
DOCTOR: We'll have to follow in this thing.
TURLOUGH: But we'll never match their speed. What are you doing?
DOCTOR: Sorry. Got to stop them somehow.
TURLOUGH: You'll crash us. Doctor!
ROSA: The back of the train, look.
TURLOUGH: That carriage, it's broken away.
DOCTOR: Now how did that happen?
TURLOUGH: They've left it behind. The carriage with the Tardis.
DOCTOR: Ileana. She must have worked it out. That's very clever, and dangerous for her.
TURLOUGH: But it's a chance. She's giving us a chance to stop them.

INEZ: Senhora, the Grey One's calling for you.
ILEANA: Let him wait, Inez. I had to return that object to the Doctor.
INEZ: The blue box?
ILEANA: His scent led back to it. It must be important.
PIETER [OC]: Ileana!
INEZ: (scared) Stubbe's coming!
ILEANA: No word, Inez, you hear? It's just a hope, that's all.

(Tardis door opens.)
ROSA: No way. I ain't goin' in. Get off me.
TURLOUGH: We can't leave you out here.
ROSA: You're not locking me up in some crummy
(Footsteps then pause.)
ROSA: Blue ice box?
DOCTOR: No, indeed we are not.
ROSA: Okay. I mean, Jeez, so big!
TURLOUGH: Well, that shut her up.
(Tardis door closes.)
ROSA: What's that?
TURLOUGH: Just the doors, so we can travel.
DOCTOR: We have to go to Rio.
TURLOUGH: She's got friends in Rio.
ROSA: Oh, you're crazy. First it's lobos, now it's locos. So big.
TURLOUGH: It's just a different reality. Once you get used to it, it, it seems like the only reality.
DOCTOR: Perhaps it's *my* reality.
TURLOUGH: That's right. And while the outside's always changing, some of us are lucky enough to be allowed in here, looking out through a door that's never in the same place twice.
ROSA: Like in my head. What's inside's bigger than what's outside.
TURLOUGH: Your dancing forest.
ROSA: Yeah. Yadda, yadda, yadda
(Turlough joins in and they laugh. The Tardis dematerialises.)
TURLOUGH: Is that what the Tardis runs on, Doctor? Imagination?
DOCTOR: Sometimes it certainly has a mind of its own. Shouldn't you both get cleaned up?
TURLOUGH: You too, Doctor.
DOCTOR: What?
TURLOUGH: Because if you've got a date, you have to make an effort.

DOCTOR: It's not like that. It's not the end of term dance.
TURLOUGH: I know, but you've still got to look the part. Otherwise she won't lift a claw to take a second look.
DOCTOR: If only it were that simple.

ROSA: Grandpa? Can't talk now. Maybe not for a bit. Too much happening. Can't get my head round it. There's a whole load of dark, and the lobos are comin' out of the shadows. I don't know what's next up. But there's light, too, all round me. Must be a full moon already. The walls in this place are all made of moons. Suppose there's other spirits outside the forest. Maybe I found the future. Maybe it found me. But I still got the forest, still here. And you're here too, Grandpa. Time's comin' when I get to prove myself. I won't forget. See you, Grandpa.

(Knock on door.)
TURLOUGH: Hello?
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Turlough. How are you?
TURLOUGH: Don't hover, Doctor. Come in.
DOCTOR: Er, as long as you're not busy.
TURLOUGH: Is there a problem?
DOCTOR: No, I was just. I seem to er. By the way, how did you resist Pieter Stubbe? I mean, his powers of persuasion.
TURLOUGH: I don't know. I just closed my eyes and thought of
DOCTOR: Home?
TURLOUGH: Well, thoughts are all I get.
DOCTOR: Yes. Thank you.
TURLOUGH: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes?
TURLOUGH: What are you getting yourself into?
DOCTOR: Sorry?
TURLOUGH: Ileana de Santos. I mean, she's a wolf. Half a wolf.
DOCTOR: She chose me, and she gave me back the Tardis at considerable risk.
TURLOUGH: But you're not obliged to book a church and a honeymoon. I'd steer well clear.
DOCTOR: Someone has to stop Pieter Stubbe and never mind the cost. He's a serious threat, and all because he has to outdo me in Ileana's affections.
TURLOUGH: Ah, so it's *your* fault.
DOCTOR: Oh yes. And that's another thing.
TURLOUGH: Yes?
DOCTOR: Well, I'd hoped er, you see, Ileana, well, since you and Rosa
TURLOUGH: Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hang on, Doctor. You're jumping to conclusions. Do you mean, I mean, me? Oh, come on. Me and Rosa?
DOCTOR: Well, yes. You see, women, they're not exactly my area. Apart from Tegan, and Nyssa. But they were friends. I was responsible for them. That wasn't the same.
TURLOUGH: Good friends?
DOCTOR: Then there was Sarah Jane, of course, and Jo, and Romana, both of her. Zoe and Victoria, Dodo and Vicki and Barbara.
TURLOUGH: And Susan?
DOCTOR: Ah, well, of course she was my granddaughter. Sometimes I feel very old.
TURLOUGH: And you think I know better? Look, how do *you* feel about Ileana?
DOCTOR: Now you're getting needlessly personal too.
TURLOUGH: Sorry, it was you that asked.
DOCTOR: The important thing is the city. It'll be the height of Carnival by now. The whole place in an emotional frenzy, and then a trainload of hungry werewolves arrives up from the country. There'll be no resistance. It'll be like the last round-up.
TURLOUGH: You don't think *his* influence is pushing us all a bit over the top?
DOCTOR: No, Turlough, I do not. Somehow I dread to think what we'll find when we reach Rio.
(Door closes.)
TURLOUGH: Total devastation? A bride? And where does that leave me?

(Car alarms sounding. The Tardis materialises. Tardis door opens. Footsteps.)
ROSA: Jeez, the buildings, like mountains.
DOCTOR: Mind the broken glass.
TURLOUGH: Where is everyone? Where's the Carnival? The street's deserted.
DOCTOR: Sorry, Turlough, we should have got here earlier. My fault.
ROSA: Feels like a storm's coming.
DOCTOR: Oppressive. Don't think about it.
TURLOUGH: Doctor, there's been a car smash.
DOCTOR: What?
TURLOUGH: Several smashes, all along the street. Where are the emergency services?
DOCTOR: Everything's gone down together. No one inside this one.
TURLOUGH: The whole city must be cut off. Something big's on fire down there towards the bay.
ROSA: It's not real, right? Like you said, it's like a holodrome park, thought-surfing against the opponent of your choice.
DOCTOR: No, unfortunately this is real.
ROSA: I'm bored. Can't breathe here. Let's try some place else.
TURLOUGH: It's real, Rosa.
ROSA: It's better on sat-vid.
DOCTOR: The cars are all empty. I didn't expect them to clear the crowds quite so efficiently.
(Distant wolf howl.)
TURLOUGH: Can you feel that?
DOCTOR: Somewhere above the city.
TURLOUGH: It's pressing in. It's in the air and the buildings. It makes me want to run away.
DOCTOR: With the herd?
TURLOUGH: Yes, anywhere.
DOCTOR: With all the other humans?
TURLOUGH: No, not humans. You're right. Now who's getting personal?
DOCTOR: I am. Remember that. And don't forget who you aren't.
TURLOUGH: I put my shadow back behind me, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Good. What about Rosa?
TURLOUGH: Where is she?
(Wolf howls.)
DOCTOR: Always the same with companions. There she goes.
TURLOUGH: Rosa! Rosa, come back!

(Running. Telephone dialling.)
DOCTOR: Rosa.
TURLOUGH: Idiot.
ROSA: Get off me. I'm making a call.
DOCTOR: It isn't safe out here.
(A wolf snarls.)
ROSA: Get off. I hate this place. It's choking my head.
TURLOUGH: They're coming.
ROSA: Oh!
DOCTOR: Inside here.
(Running.)

(Door closes. Someone has a hand over Rosa's mouth.)
DOCTOR: Quiet, Rosa.
TURLOUGH: What is it? So many people.
DOCTOR: Don't move.
TURLOUGH: Horrible. Look at their faces. Their mindless.
DOCTOR: It's herding them like cattle.
TURLOUGH: Like lambs to the proverbial.
(Rosa keeps struggling.)
DOCTOR: All right, Rosa. Shh.
TURLOUGH: Get down.
DOCTOR: We have to do something now, before the outside world sends in remote scout cameras and smart troops. We don't want a full-scale stampede on our hands.

TURLOUGH: That's the last. They're going.
DOCTOR: Now, where would they corral them? One of the bigger parks?
TURLOUGH: Stay there. I'll find out for you.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Turlough.
TURLOUGH: Just stay put, and no sudden elopements, please.
DOCTOR: Elopements? Turlough
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: Ow. There's no need to bite.
ROSA: Serves you right. We've got to stop him.
DOCTOR: He'll be back soon. Turlough's grasp of self-preservation is second to none. What about you, Rosa? Are you tempted to join the herd?
ROSA: No way.
DOCTOR: No?
ROSA: No. Anyway, Grandpa says the easy path leads under the falling tree.. I ain't climbing on the cattle truck with the rest of them. Did you see their eyes?
DOCTOR: Grandpa talks a lot of sense.
ROSA: Sometimes. But I don't reckon he knows everything.
DOCTOR: What tribe are you? Ticuna? Ianomâmi?
ROSA: W'rana. They're dead now. The forest died so the others came here.
(Dialling on phone.)
DOCTOR: To Rio?
ROSA: But I can't raise them on the vid-link. That's dead too.
DOCTOR: Yes. I'm sorry. What about the forest?
ROSA: Still got it in my head.
DOCTOR: Always there, like family.
ROSA: The spirits drive me crazy, but they had to go somewhere. They're okay about waitin'.
DOCTOR: Tell them it's better that way. Don't let them get greedy like Pieter Stubbe.
ROSA: You'd make a good Grandpa too.
DOCTOR: Thanks, Rosa. And maybe Turlough shouldn't be out there on his own.
ROSA: Knew you'd see it right. Stick with me, okay? Let's make tracks.
(Door opens and closes.)

TURLOUGH: Poor old humans, all caged up in a public park.
VICTOR: Turlough?
TURLOUGH: Ah! Victor, it's you. You've got the cut-claws well fenced up.
VICTOR: Where they belong.
TURLOUGH: Did I miss much? I ran all the way from the ranch.
VICTOR: You smell of lies. Where's the Doctor?
TURLOUGH: Oh, he couldn't keep up. You know him. All talk and no action.
VICTOR: My mother needs him.
TURLOUGH: Does she? Well, if I see him, I'll tell him. Where is she, by the way?
VICTOR: Above, with the Grey One. I'll take you there now.
TURLOUGH: No, no, I'll just hang around here for a bit. Keep an eye on the cut-claws.
VICTOR: Now!
TURLOUGH: Ow!
VICTOR: We run this way. Faster. Run. Run.

ROSA: He's got Turlough. Let me after him. I can outrun any wolf.
DOCTOR: We'll never catch them that way. I've wasted too much time already.
ROSA: Where're you goin'?
DOCTOR: Back to the Tardis.
ROSA: But Turlough
DOCTOR: Victor said above. What's above the city but still close to the earth?
ROSA: Doctor, wait.
DOCTOR: Must be the Corcovado, the Christ statue. That's where we first sensed Stubbe's presence.
ROSA: Doctor, are you listening? Turlough's no fighter. One wrong move and he's capybara curry.
DOCTOR: He has his moments, but what's more important, Rosa? One young man or a whole

city blown out of its wits by the storm force of Pieter Stubbe's will?
ROSA: Stubbe?
DOCTOR: And not just humans. I don't imagine his wolfish cohorts had any say in the matter either. That's what I have to break. Now where did I put
ROSA: I still got a date with that lobo king.
DOCTOR: Ah, I knew I had it somewhere.
ROSA: A whistle? Are you crazy?
DOCTOR: This dog whistle belonged to a faithful friend of mine.
ROSA: And blowing it'll bring every varmint for miles down on us.
DOCTOR: Exactly. And it'll give Stubbe's pack the shuffle it so richly deserves.
(Blows. One wolf howls, then another, and more join in.)

(Crunching on bone.)
PIETER: You're not eating, Ileana.
ILEANA: You never stop.
PIETER: The cut-claws are plumper these days. Remember the Grand Duchess Anastasia?
ILEANA: And Lord Lucan.
PIETER: (laughs) Skinny as church wafers. But these bones. Pah!
(Spit, clang.)
PIETER: Brittle as twigs.
(The whole pack is howling.)
PIETER: What's that rumpus?
ILEANA: It's the Doctor. He must be down in the city already.
PIETER: Never!
(Growl grows into a howl.)
PIETER: Your precious champion won't dare show his snout. Smell that air. The scent of fear rising from the city. Remember Moscow?
ILEANA: Old times long gone.
PIETER: I won't ask you again, Ileana.
ILEANA: I will not be your consort. Never.
PIETER: I've given you what you wanted. All the wolves brought together.
ILEANA: Reduced to a limp-tailed mob cringing under your tyranny.
PIETER: Careful, or I'll turn that will on you too.
ILEANA: You already have.
PIETER: (sniffs) There is a scent. What is it?
ILEANA: It is him, the Doctor.
(Running feet arrive.)
VICTOR: Mother.
ILEANA: Victor.
PIETER: Well, the cub comes on in leaps and bounds. What have you fetched for us, boy?
(Turlough is dropped.)
VICTOR: He was slinking round the cattle pens.
ILEANA: Turlough.
PIETER: Urgh, the pasty vinegar-veined youth. I'll never get rid of the taste.
ILEANA: Turlough, where's the Doctor?
TURLOUGH: The Doctor?
ILEANA: Yes. I knew he'd come for me. Where is he? Victor, go back down and look.
TURLOUGH: Don't imagine the Doctor's going to defend you now.
ILEANA: What? What do you mean?
(Pieter laughs.)
TURLOUGH: Not after what you've done. He's very particular about who he travels with.
(The pack howls.)

(A wolf snarls nearby.)
ROSA: You still think this was a good idea?
DOCTOR: Just edge up to the Tardis door and keep that knife out of sight. (loud) My friends, how good it is to see you come when you're called. First to Pieter Stubbe's will, and then to my whistle. Splendid stuff.
(Growls around.)
DOCTOR: I'm sure that Pieter Stubbe knows best, because he's an honourable wolf. So it's

good to see you out in the open, not skulking behind your own shadows.
INEZ: Stubbe promised us our age-old rights.
DOCTOR: Inez, you don't sound too sure. Not to worry. Stubbe's a good fellow. He'll have it all in hand. So tell me, how will you manage to feed and water the cut-claw herds? The stupid creatures can't look after themselves. And what about the human troops, when they roll up to take back their city?
INEZ: Stubbe said he'd lead us.
DOCTOR: From up on the hill? Loosing his dogs of war against smart weapons and wolf-seeking missiles? How magnanimous of him. You used to run free and choose for yourselves, but now he does it for you.
ROSA: Watch it, Doctor. They're turning nasty
DOCTOR: That's the idea. (loud) Soon you won't have to think at all! Soon you'll be nothing but a kennel full of the honourable Pieter Stubbe's lapdog poodles!
(Angry baying.)

PIETER: Now what do the rabble want?
ILEANA: They want to run free. Turlough, where's the Doctor?
TURLOUGH: Far away by now.
ILEANA: Don't lie to me. He wouldn't leave you behind.
PIETER: Well, if that's all the Doctor wants, lets throw the boy down the mountain to him.
TURLOUGH: No! Put me down! Please!
(The Tardis materialises. Tardis door opens.)
TURLOUGH: Doctor!
ILEANA: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Pieter Stubbe, when I challenge you, you have the decency to stay and face me.
PIETER: Ah. Challenges I accept, not taunts. What is that object? More moonshine?
DOCTOR: Ileana, thank you for returning my Tardis.
ILEANA: I understood that it was important.
DOCTOR: It is.
PIETER: Important? It's just illusion, just like you, Doctor. You don't belong here, not in our world. You are the real monster, and just as full of tricks as a carpet.
DOCTOR: You're bowling on a sticky wicket, Pieter. Turlough, get inside the Tardis.
TURLOUGH: Be careful, Doctor.
DOCTOR: That's the last thing I can do. Pieter Stubbe! I challenge you.
PIETER: Yes, monster. Now what?
DOCTOR: You will relinquish the power you've seized. Release the people you've enslaved, both wolves and humans.
PIETER: I hold sway here.
DOCTOR: In just one tiny city.
PIETER: Not for long. There are many more wolves to be found and unleashed, just as I did with her.
DOCTOR: Stop it now, Pieter, before the others turn on you. Listen to them. They're turning already.
PIETER: This is your doing? I'll stop their whining. (howls)

(Tardis door closes.)
TURLOUGH: The Doctor's getting in too deep. We may have to distract that monster, Rosa. Where's your computer?
ROSA: My fight. The spirits are getting angry
TURLOUGH: Rosa?
ROSA: (hearing drumbeats) It's my goddamn fight
PIETER [OC]: I'll be waiting round the next corner.
ROSA: Grandpa? I can't
PIETER [OC]: And I'll still be hungry.
ROSA: Grandpa!
TURLOUGH: Rosa, don't give in. Where's your computer? I need it now.
(Rosa growls.)

PIETER: Listen to me, you rabble. I'm your king, lord of the forests. I won't be denied. (growls)
ILEANA: Doctor, when you travel, what do you look for?
DOCTOR: That's easy. I explore possibilities. I look for things I could never imagine. I want to know how they work and perhaps help them work better.
ILEANA: And you share that?
DOCTOR: With my companions, yes.
PIETER: Don't turn your backs on me!
DOCTOR: Some people call it meddling. Others actually thank me for it. It all depends which side they're on.
PIETER: You pack of mange-ridden curs! I know who you've been listening to!
ILEANA: Doctor, I could be more than just a companion.
DOCTOR: Er
(Tardis door opens.)
TURLOUGH: Doctor, are you coming back?
DOCTOR: I said into the Tardis, Turlough.
PIETER: Doctor. Turn my brood against me, would you?
ILEANA: Leave him, Pieter! I've made my choice. I will not come back to you!
PIETER: (laughs) What, go with him? Did he whistle for you too?
ILEANA: He's not an animal like you.
DOCTOR: Now, hang on.
PIETER: Does he know what you really are?
ILEANA: He's seen my dark side.
DOCTOR: Ileana's already told me.
PIETER: That old story about the merchant's daughter rescued from bandits? She likes a good tale.
ILEANA: No, Pieter, don't.
PIETER: You don't want her sort, Doctor.
ILEANA: No!
PIETER: 1812. The French were fleeing Moscow. I caught her in the snow, filthy and starving, hunched over a frozen corpse, so hungry she'd eat anything. The wolf bitch shone through her like glass. And now, centuries later, after everything I've taught her, she still doesn't know if she's woman or wolf.
DOCTOR: I can't judge her.
ILEANA: Doctor. You accept me? Then I shall go with you.
DOCTOR: No.
ILEANA: Yes, I shall! You've already said.
DOCTOR: Ileana, I would value your companionship.
PIETER: (laughs) He can't take you. He's an outsider. That's *his* dark side.
ILEANA: We're all outsiders.
DOCTOR: Pieter's right. I can't take you. You're tied to the earth, to its old bones. To leave would kill you.
ILEANA: I thought you'd be here with me!
DOCTOR: Ileana.
PIETER: He could be. He could give up his travels and stay, couldn't you, Doctor?
ILEANA: Would you stay, Doctor? For me? Do you really care?
DOCTOR: Look to your army, Stubbe. It's your blood they want.
PIETER: Let them howl.
ILEANA: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Ileana, perhaps I care too much.
ILEANA: Or not enough. Goodbye, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Ileana.
PIETER: Ileana, you're mine.
ILEANA: Let go of me!
DOCTOR: Put her down, Stubbe.
PIETER: She's mine. She can't resist. Neither can you, Doctor. Nothing can.
DOCTOR: Your wolves reject you. Stubbe, let her go! Ah!
ILEANA: Pieter, let him down!
PIETER: Got you both! The whole world's mine, and I'll eat all of it. (growl) Starting with you, Doctor monster.
(Running feet with music playing.)

ROSA: Lobo king!
(Pieter cries out.)
ROSA: Silver bites you, lobo king.
PIETER: You cat. Come here.
ROSA: Come and catch me.
TURLOUGH: Doctor, quickly!
DOCTOR: Ileana, run! Run!
PIETER: Ileana!
DOCTOR: Rosa, in here. In the Tardis.
(Tardis door closes.)
PIETER: You can't hide in there, Doctor!

DOCTOR: Turlough, the doors. Let him in.
(Tardis doors open.)
TURLOUGH: Rosa, keep back.
(Claws skittering on the smooth floor.)
PIETER: Doctor, what is this?
DOCTOR: Sanctuary, Pieter, from the likes of you.
ROSA: It's him. I've been waitin' for him.
TURLOUGH: Look out.
(The Tardis dematerialises. Pieter breaks something.)
PIETER: More trickery.
DOCTOR: I thought we'd take a short trip.
(More breaking glass.)
DOCTOR: Just to get things into perspective when you've finished with my furniture.
ROSA: Remember our date, lobo?
(Scanner activated.)
PIETER: What is that? What is it?
TURLOUGH: It's the Earth from orbit, about five hundred miles up.
(Pieter gasps and collapses.)
DOCTOR: We'll just hover out here in space for a while.
PIETER: Where are we? I can't feel the world.
DOCTOR: Of course you can't. But you can see it. Look, there it is. It's going away from you.
PIETER: Take me back, monster, monster.
DOCTOR: How old are you, Pieter?
PIETER: I'm not old. I don't get older. I just am.
DOCTOR: You were. Listen to the Earth. It's left you behind.
PIETER: Oh, so cold.
DOCTOR: Or were you too busy gorging to listen. You can't devour it all, Pieter. The Earth's bigger than you are. Perhaps you've had your fill.
TURLOUGH: He's not changing, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Shh.
TURLOUGH: Surely he'll become human?
DOCTOR: There were no humans when he first appeared.
PIETER: I am the first. All loups-garoux are my children.
ROSA: Out of the forests, that's where you came from.
TURLOUGH: Rosa?
PIETER: (weakening) They destroyed the forests. They drove us out.
ROSA: Stop whining. I am the forest. You left me, and now I'm comin' after you.
PIETER: The girl in the cat skin. Your claws still need cutting.
ROSA: Should have beaten me when you had the chance.
(Pieter growls a little.)
DOCTOR: What should we do with him, Rosa?
ROSA: Dunno. His strength's sapping away, but he'll always be hungry.
PIETER: Where's Ileana? Tell her I'll behave. Just take me back.
DOCTOR: His people have rejected him. If Ileana doesn't want him, then neither do I.
TURLOUGH: You can't let him go.
DOCTOR: No, we can't do that.
ROSA: He's trouble. But I know who'll have him.
DOCTOR: Your spirits. I hoped you'd say that.

ROSA: Pieter Stubbe, listen to me. Look. Do you see the path? Can you smell it?
PIETER: (gasps) What's that?
ROSA: The path ahead of you, through the trees.
PIETER: The path.
ROSA: Go on, follow the path. Straight ahead.

(Bird song and feet on leaves.)
ROSA: Hey, Senhor Wolf.
PIETER: Good day, young lady. Spare a morsel for a hungry wanderer?
ROSA: Get it yourself. Straight on, through the trees.
PIETER: What forest is this? It's not my forest. And where's Ileana?
ROSA: Like it or lump it, lobo. See the path?
PIETER: Straight ahead.
ROSA: Like a knife. So stick with it. And don't stray. Because one day I'll be waiting behind the next tree, and I'll be hungry too.
(Pieter growls.)
ROSA: Go on. That way.
PIETER: Ileana? Who's dancing through there? Where are you? Ileana? (distant) Ileana?
ROSA: See you, Senhor Wolf.

TURLOUGH: He's not breathing.
DOCTOR: No. Rosa?
ROSA: We couldn't leave him here. Now he's back in the forest where he belongs.
TURLOUGH: Stubbe's in the forest? In your head?
DOCTOR: Quite a relief for everyone. Thank the spirits for me.
(The Tardis materialises.)
ROSA: Don't thank them. They're okay. It's my head that gets done in by their goddamn drums.
DOCTOR: All right, we're back. Open the doors, Turlough.
TURLOUGH: What about his body? We can't leave him lying there.
DOCTOR: Just open the doors, please.
(Tardis doors open.)
TURLOUGH: You'll need a fork-lift truck to move him.
DOCTOR: Shh. Wolves have ears.
TURLOUGH: Or a wheelbarrow.
DOCTOR: I think he should be returned to his own people, then they can all go home.
ROSA: I'll handle that. Bye, Doctor. Grandpa says he's sorry he missed you.
DOCTOR: Tell him the forest is in safe hands. Goodbye, Rosa.
TURLOUGH: Rosa? I suppose your initiation's finished.
ROSA: Hardly started. You were okay, yerpi boy. Just stay crazy.
TURLOUGH: Yeah. See you, jaguar girl.
ROSA: See you around.
TURLOUGH: Ah, Rosa! Your computer!

(Tardis door opens.)
TURLOUGH: Rosa! She's gone. So fast.
DOCTOR: Only to be expected. The spirits are very demanding.
TURLOUGH: But what about Stubbe's body?
DOCTOR: Already gone, I expect.
TURLOUGH: So quickly? She could have waited. And now what do I do with this?
(Turns machine on.)
ROSA [OC]: Time's coming when I get to prove myself. I won't forget.
(Turns machine off.)
TURLOUGH: Sorry.
DOCTOR: I don't think she needed it any more. I'd hang onto it as a keep-sake, if I were you.
TURLOUGH: Yes. I will.
(Seabirds calling.)
DOCTOR: The air's lifted.
TURLOUGH: You can smell the sea. Is the city free again?

DOCTOR: Oh yes. They'll leave it alone now. Clear blue. Thank you, Turlough. You saved me from Stubbe's clutches.
TURLOUGH: Did I? Oh, good. Did you really believe all that forest spirit stuff?
DOCTOR: Didn't you? Rosa and Stubbe certainly did. And I do like to find things I thought were never possible.
TURLOUGH: Yes. But I'm sorry about Ileana.
DOCTOR: Why?
TURLOUGH: Well, you. I mean, I thought that you both
DOCTOR: Yes?
TURLOUGH: But now she's gone too.
DOCTOR: Has she? Are you sure about that? Can't you see, Turlough?
ILEANA: Doctor.
DOCTOR: It's safe now, Ileana. He's gone. You're free. Both you and Victor.
ILEANA: Am I free? At what price, when I can never leave the Earth?
DOCTOR: No, and I don't want to stay at home, either. That story, the one about the wolf-woman and the winter. How did it end?
ILEANA: The winter wolf died, but the woman had a cub. And when the year grew old, he left her snowy home and drove away the aged brown wolf of summer.
DOCTOR: And so it goes in endless turns.
ILEANA: Year after year, without *him*. Goodbye, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Goodbye, Ileana.
TURLOUGH: No, Doctor. I can't see anyone. I'm sorry.
DOCTOR: So am I, Turlough. Ah well, maybe she just doesn't want you to. Come on.
(Tardis door closes. The Tardis dematerialises. A lone wolf howls.)